THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol: X JANUARY & FEBRUARY, 1937 No. 1

Little Blessings

MY heart has found delight in th' melody
O' the swaying branches, and they beckon me
From the forgotten past to eternity.
I know not how, but th' quivering ecstasy
O' their colour-spreading rhythm on the sea
Of light has stirred my soul to thoughts, that be
The magic flowers of immortality.
Still more, when I remember I shall see
Them no more some bright morn, a mystery
Spreads over every leaf that laughs with glee,
To paint it lovelier than the loveliest fay,
And makes these little blessings of our day,
Scattered in thriftless bounty all our way,
Thrice blessed with the touch of transiency.

—*Susi P. David.*

The Post Office of Tagore — A Brief Study

By M. Sri Ramamurti

THE *Post Office* of Rabindranath Tagore was acted at several prominent places such as Berlin, Dublin, Calcutta and Shantiniketan, and, we are told, with considerable success. It may seem surprising that this play can please packed houses, though it does not at all conform to the accepted canons of dramatic composition. It is not a play which can be compared with the ancient Greek or Sanskrit drama, with the Elizabethan Classical or Romantic drama, or with the modern dramas of purpose and propaganda. An adverse critic may go to the length of saying that it is not a drama at all, in the strict sense of the word, because it is wanting in all the chief elements of a drama—characterisation, plot-structure, incident. Brisk, emotional dialogue, the quick march of events, the breathless development of story-interest with tense dramatic moments of surprise and suspense, the psychological analysis of the motives of human conduct under ordinary and extraordinary circumstances — these are features conspicuous by their absence. There is, no doubt, dialogue in it and there is a semblance of a story. Some characters, that are types rather than individuals, are brought together and made to converse in an artificial, poetico-philosophical, symbolical-allegorical manner. There is no reality in their talk, no realism in the story as it develops, no verisimilitude in the whole composition. If such a play happens to be a stage-success, it must be because there are non-dramatic elements in it which contribute to a pleasurable effect. A great deal of success on any modern stage depends largely on the scenic arrangements, the elaborate mechanical and other devices which civilised art tends to make use of, for the creation of an appropriate and spectacular background. Then the outstanding histrionic efficiency of one or two actors may lead to striking effects. Tagore himself, being an actor of ability and an imposing personality, has been known to have contributed, on some occasions, to splendid results. His flowing silvery beard, his ochre-coloured robes, his flashing eyes, rich musical voice and graceful dignified movements must surely have cast a spell on his audience, when he bestrode the stage. But, independent of such external and adventitious aids, there are no striking elements in the play itself which will naturally lead to stage-success.

The fact is, *The Post Office*, like many other good plays — like *the Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley, for instance—is a play pre-eminently fitted for study rather than for the stage.

What is it then that gives the play its undeniable charm? Firstly, it is the atmosphere. Now, 'atmosphere' is a word which may convey different things to different minds. What we mean by it is that soft, subdued, elfish light which surrounds the whole composition, suffusing it with a wistful sadness and a rare sweetness born perhaps out of *Amal's* innocence or out of our sympathy with the yearning child. There is a twilight glamour playing around the *Flower-girl*, the *Curd-seller*, the *Court-Physician*, *Gaffer*, and all the wayfarers whose hearts throb in mute pity for the sick, inexperienced heart of Amal. The second attraction of the play is the pure poetry in which it is steeped, poetry which every now and then breaks through the conventions of formal discourse of the sick chamber and scatters all around us a riot of colour and sound and a wealth of delicate *nuances* of light, as in the passage which describes the *Parrot Isle*, or in that where Amal gives an imaginative portrait of the country beyond. The predominance of the poetic element in this play coupled with the tenuous dramatic texture may very well justify its being placed in the class of poetic dramas. The

AN ARTIST AND HER PICTURES

MISS AMRITA SHER-GIL—THE ARTIST

" PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN "
Painted in 1930 and awarded the first prize of the Annual Portrait Competition at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* the same year.

(This and the following five pictures are by Amrita Sher-Gil.)

"THE L[illegible] U[illegible]TOUCHABL[illegible]

(Painted recently) Concerning this [illegible] and [illegible] similar in spirit, the *Statesman* said: "[illegible] emotional appeal about many of her studies, [illegible] fully avoid being either brutal or sentimental [illegible] poverty, submissiveness and disease [illegible] passionate manner. [illegible]

"THE GIRL IN RED"

[illegible] was painted quite recently.

third virtue—some may not agree that it is a virtue—of *the Post Office* is its mystic significance, in so far as it seeks to portray in Amal the imprisoned human soul hankering after spiritual liberation. *The King* is the King of the heart, whom we all consciously or unconsciously adore in all that we long for and dream about, in all our multi-coloured idealisms; and the *postmen* are His messengers. There is, however, danger in overdoing this kind of allegorical interpretation, as Yeats warns us in his *Introduction* to the play. Some would like to discover a corresponding social agent or principle for every character in the play, and an attempt of that kind can only lead to the disaster of absurdity. There is throughout the play a suggestion of something deeper than the mere story and that is perhaps all that the poet intends.

AMRITA SHER-GIL—THE TALENTED ARTIST

[WRITTEN BY HERSELF]

[The writer here exhibits the true artistic touch of intimate self-revelation, reaching to the very core of her individuality, and expressing it naively, with simplicity, and yet with the charm of utmost candour. We wish her every success in her work, and wish there were more like her in India. *Ed. I. L. M.*]

I will try and put the story of my life, my views and aims as briefly as possible. My father, Sardar Umraosingh Sher-Gil, comes of a noble family of Punjab (the family later settled down in the U. P.). I hardly think he needs an introduction for, although of retiring temperament, he was known as a philosopher, a student of comparative religion, and a pioneer of social emancipation, particularly the emancipation of women. He married my mother, a Hungarian lady of extremely artistic temperament, to whom I partially owe the success I have achieved already, because from my earliest childhood she has always encouraged and aided me in my struggles for artistic expression. I and my younger sister were born in Budapest, Hungary, where we were obliged to remain till the end of the War.

We returned to India in 1921. Being myself averse to schooling in the ordinary sense of the word and my parents wisely realising the importance of developing the already predominant artistic side of me and knowing how art is mistaught and the artistic individuality of a child crippled and warped in schools (although I daresay school as such is the best institution so far invented for the average child who has little or no artistic tendency), I was taught at home.

However, in 1934, my mother, thinking that perhaps in an Italian School there would be greater scope for the development of an artistic nature, took myself and my sister to Florence, where, after a short and disastrous stay, my nature rebelled against the type of external discipline that was imposed on me there (I have always preferred voluntary, self-imposed discipline to enforced discipline), and my artistic individuality revolted against the stupid and lifeless routine of the drawing-class that tended to crush my personality instead of encouraging it to develop. We left Italy and returned to India at the end of the same year.

I am averse to the mode, prevalent in every type of school of teaching drawing, and painting. I consider it noxious in the extreme. In fact, I am averse to the teaching of Art altogether, being of the opinion that, if a talent is virile enough, it will develop without much external aid, besides being saved from being swamped in

the marsh of superfluous and even pernicious technical tricks that must be forgotten before one can even think of producing "works of Art". And, if the talent is not virile enough, so much the better, for the world will be well rid of the innumerable artists of utterly mediocre talent, that infest it!

I have drawn and painted, I think, from my tiniest childhood, and I recollect that the presents I most looked forward to as a child were paint-boxes, coloured pencils, drawing-paper, and picture-books. Rather independent in spirit even at that age, it will be of psychological interest to note that I detested the process of "colouring in" the drawings of picture-books and never allowed "grown-ups" to draw things for me to colour in (a practice that most children adore, leaving the more difficult task, drawing, to others and monopolising the more natural and pleasant one of colour for themselves). I always drew and painted everything myself and resented correction or interference with my work.

I have always disliked being shown how to do a thing, especially if it was a pictorial problem, but have never avoided difficulties; in fact I have not only welcomed but have gone out of my way to look for them, and this characteristic has always been the principal feature of my nature and has manifested itself in the precociousness of my artistic development. It explains the exceptionally early maturity of my work, which is amusingly illustrated by a remark made by one of the Members of the Jury, a famous old painter, on seeing me for the first time, after I had been elected by the unanimous vote of the Jury "Associate" of the *Grand Salon* (Section *Nationale des Beaux Arts*), being the *first Indian* to be elected and one of the youngest painters ever to be distinguished so—(I was hardly twenty then)— "Why, you are a mere child! Could it be possible that *you* painted this picture? We thought it had been done by a man with at least thirty years of experience behind him—you must have known how to paint in your cradle!"

It is lucky that with this tendency of independent research I could become the pupil of the world-famous professor, Lucien Simon, when in 1929 my parents took me to Paris for the study of painting (which I had already at that time, decided to take up quite seriously), and I was admitted to the *Ecole Des Beaux Arts,* being the first Indian ever to be admitted and the youngest pupil in the studio. The greatness of Lucien Simon lay in the fact that he never "taught"; he let us struggle with technical difficulties ourselves, but encouraged each of those pupils whose work interested him in his or her own individual mode of self-expression.

The case had been otherwise with the good old lady, our professor of drawing in the Italian School, who, I was told later, bewailed the loss of her "most talented pupil," saying it was a terrible pity (and I should imagine she thought a loss for me) that I had left, because she would have made a "great artist" of me! (I feel she would have succeeded in extinguishing any spark of talent I may have possessed, if I had stayed on any longer!)

However, unconsciously though, my stay in Italy, though not in this sense, was to effect my artistic development later. It is there that I conceived a liking for the Italian Masters of the Renaissance which later towards the middle part of my stay in Paris was to manifest itself in my manner of painting. This tendency elicited the remark from somebody at the time, that I was "a descendant of the great Venetians." I worked at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* about three years and won the first prizes of the annual *Portraits and Still-life* competitions each year.

In 1932, I exhibited my first picture at the Grand Salon. (By way of explanation to the few who may not know its significance, I will mention that the *Grand Salon* is the equivalent of the *British Royal Academy,* but on a somewhat larger and

"HILL WOMEN"

Exhibited at the *Grand Salon* in 1936. Gaston Derys, the art-critic, concerning this picture and another exhibited at the same time, said, "Her powerful and individual talent seems to have found its climate." Another art-critic wrote highly about her "hieratic and extraordinarily expressive Indians."

"THE GIRL IN BLACK"
Exhibited at the *Grand Salon* in 1934.

" YOUNG GIRLS "

Exhibited at the *Grand Salon,* 1933 and causing the artist to be elected *Associate* on its merit.

THE ORGANISERS OF *The Indian Day*
at the *Madras* Y. W. C. A. *International Exhibition*
Mrs. Tampoe and Mrs. Ganapaty seated 1st and 5th from left, were the hostesses.

artistically superior scale.) My picture immediately attracted the attention of eminent critics, who noted it for its forcefulness and vigour. The year after that I sent in a large composition (the reproduction of which is herewith enclosed), "*Young Girls*" and was elected Associate on the merit of that painting which was declared to be *The Picture of the Year.*

The year after I was invited to exhibit at the *Salon des Tuilleries,* probably the best Exhibition of Modern Art in the World, an honour I may add that not many can boast of.

Almost till the time that I felt the urge to return to India, I had been painting in the purely Western, in fact almost Academic style, placing the stress principally on the execution, which was considered to be extremely brilliant.

But, as soon as I put my foot on Indian soil (we returned in 1934), not only in subject, spirit, but also in technical expression, my painting underwent a great change, becoming more fundamentally Indian. I realised my real artistic mission then: to interpret the life of Indians and particularly the poor Indian pictorially; to paint those silent images of infinite submission and patience, to depict their angular brown bodies strangely beautiful in their ugliness; to reproduce on canvas the impression their sad eyes created on me; to interpret them with a new technique; my own technique that transfers what might otherwise appeal on a plane, that is emotionally cheap, to the plane which transcends it and yet conveys something to the spectator, who is aesthetically sensitive enough to receive the sensation.

As I never paint "pictures that tell stories," but place the significance of my paintings on the abstract yet vital plane of line, colour, form and design, my work will appeal only to those few, who have apprehended the real significance of Art. But, being a pioneer in my form of artistic expression, I am also inclined to be a bit of a revolutionary in other respects and I should like people to be able to look at Art differently from the way they have been accustomed to see it, promising them in the appreciation of pure "Pictorial" beauty a much finer and subtler enjoyment than they have hitherto derived from the contemplation of the mere prettiness of the object depicted in a picture.

Since my return to India, I exhibited first at the *Simla Fine Arts Society* last year and then at the *All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society's* Exhibition, where I obtained a Gold Medal and the Chief Commissioner's prize for the *Best Portrait* in any medium.

In the former Exhibition, I was awarded H. H. the Raja of Faridkot's prize, which I returned to the Society accompanied by a letter which created rather a stir in the press and in which I explained my reasons (partiality and incompetence of the judging) for spurning the prize.

(Five of my pictures which were incomparably superior in every way to the five other of the ten pictures I had sent in for exhibition were rejected. Incidently it is amusing to note, and proves one of my two charges, the charge of incompetence, that among the rejected five was a picture which had been accepted at the *Grand Salon* and greatly praised by the well-known art critics of France!)

A few words concerning my tastes in private life. I am very fond of music and of reading, particularly of Russian literature, because it is deeply psychological. I am more of an indoor person than an outdoor one, though I am fond of swimming, rowing and riding.

But of course my real vocation is painting. It is the ruling passion of my life, and my aim is to be true to my artistic ideals.

Ancient Indian and Sinhalese Ear-Ornaments

BY J. A. WILL PERERA (CEYLON)

[We are grateful to Mr. Perera for his very interesting account of old ornaments. There is so much that is *bizarre* and ugly in modern decorations; and it will do us no harm, but on the other hand much good, to model our tastes on some of the more refined patterns of old. *Ed., I. L. M.*]

THE ancient Sinhalese brought with them from Northern India all the arts of civilized life then prevailing in pre-Christian Aryan India. With the early Sinhalese, as with their kinsmen in the Ganges Valley, there was a desire, nay, a passion, for bodily decorations and ornaments.

This passion, or craving, for personal adornment has never been a failing peculiar to the people of India and Ceylon, but a common human failing, found in a more marked form among women. Circumstances, such as wealth, poverty, dearth or abundance of requisite material, climate, and age, may modify and chasten this universal desire; but, even in Central Africa or in Polynesia, this passion has never been, and never will be, suppressed.

The adornment of the ears received special attention in ancient India and Ceylon. Rings, bosses, flowers and feathers were worn by men as well as by women. The material varied with age, class, and caste. Ear-ornaments of *cowrie* shells *(chanks)*, baked clay, brass, bronze, lead, bell-metal, silver and gold were largely in use in India and Ceylon from the earliest periods. The specimens in local and Indian museums afford the student much material for study. Then there are the sculptures and wall-paintings of bygone ages, which depict quite faithfully the different kinds of ear-rings, drops, and other ornaments worn.

Long before Alexander the Great invaded Hindusthan, pearls were obtained from the Gulf of Mannar and the sea that washes the Coromandel Coast. Precious gems were also used for ornaments. In Ceylon, gold was used almost exclusively by royalty. Members of the nobility and others, who received gifts of gold jewellery from reigning kings, were permitted to use them.

Glass beads and also bead-shaped gems were strung in gold in 800 B. C. *(Taittiriya Brahmana, III, 665).* Sapphires, topaz, rubies, coral, emeralds, lapislazuli, etc., were set in ear and other ornaments in the first century before the birth of Christ.

In the play, *Toy Cart*, by Sudraka, who flourished before Christ, we find reference made to "skilful artists" examining pearls and gems (like the ones mentioned) in their shops situated in the courtyards of common courtesans.

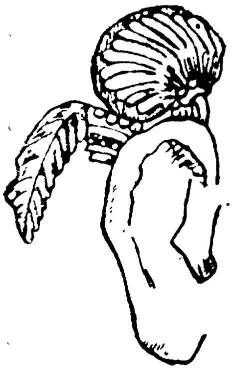
In the *Rig Veda*, the sage Kakshivat is shown praying for a son "decorated with golden ear-rings ......" Manu, the great law-giver, defined the duties and the nature of the caste ordained to manufacture jewellery, as also the punishments to be meted out to those who fraudulently adulterated gold.

The earliest ear-ornaments were large, heavy, clumsy, thick, rough, and generally devoid of workmanship. In later times they advanced gradually and steadily towards refinement. The crude patterns were relegated to the lower castes.

Beautiful, elegant, and neat ear-rings, which compare well with others of that age in other parts of the world, or even with modern specimens, are depicted in the sketches illustrating this article. They are reproduced from Dr. Mitra's work on the Indo-Aryans, published over half a century ago.

Sketch I shows an elaborate ear-orna-

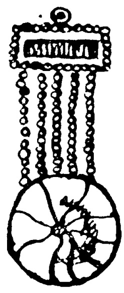
ment worn by women in ancient India. It resembles Egyptian ones, in that it has a drooping plume, most probably that of a *bird of paradise*, the pinions of which were commonly used in North India. The fan-shaped prominence above the drooping feather also resembles an Egyptian decoration. Dr. Mitra saw the specimen sculptured in the Great Tower of Bhuvanesvara.



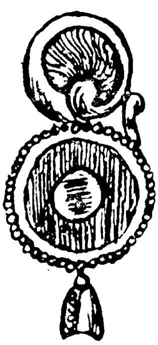
Even male figures had this ornament. In some sculptures, the fan-like projection had floating ribbons surmounting it. In Dr. Mitra's opinion, the fan was not of metal, but of "parti-coloured fringed cloth," not unlike the Kandyan *relipalam*.

This fan has a resemblance to the *tali-pot-leaf* fan made in Jaffna. There was in ancient India a "palm-leaf ear-ornment called *talapatra*." At least one work, the *Amarakosha*, refers to the palm-leaf design for ears.

Sketch II shows an ear-ring that was hooked in a hole in the outer rim (*helix*). Sometimes it was tied to the hair near the helix. This type of ornament was used in Bengal even so late as 50 years ago. It was worn also on the crown of the head or on either side. The name *Jumma* was assigned to this particular ornament made up of jewelled gold plates with five strings of pearls between. The design is worth adopting.

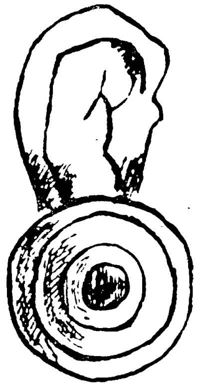


Sketch III is of the *Karnaphula* (ear-flower). At the lower end is a tulip drop. The topmost pattern is fan-like, minus the handle. The central plaque was of beaten gold, with a large gem sometimes in the centre. Round the edge were set minute gems or pearls, or beaded gold.



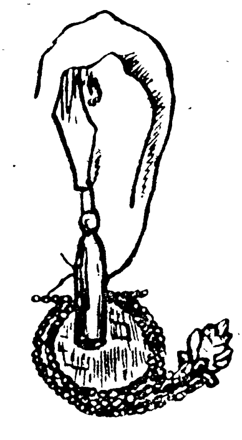
The present writer had the good fortune to see a similar ear-ornament early this year in the ears of a woman visitor from Travancore, who is a Syrian Christian. She told me that women of her faith in Travacnore wore these ear-ornaments. The gems in her ear-rings were rubies.

The karnaphula was a great favourite of the Goddess Durga. It is said that the celebrated *Mani-karn-ika* at Benares derived its name from the Goddess having dropped accidently a karnaphula in that sacred spot.



The ear-boss shown in *Sketch IV* is called *dhenri* in Bengal. In shape, this boss is like a shield. It was fixed on the lobe of the ear. Some dhenris had pendants, the majority of them were of thin, plain gold, while a few had jewels in the centre.

The most ornate of the series is that in *Sketch V*. From the *antitragus*, a tulip drop hangs. The second ornament consists of a pearl fringe and pendant, both of which are attached to the lower end of the ear-lobe. The pearl fringe ends in an elongated foliage and floral pattern away from the wearer's body.



Our sculptures and paintings depict mostly the common, circular, massive, heavy ring, that had a tendency to enlarge the aperture on the lobe. Among the

Sigiriya frescoes one comes across a mango or bo-leaf (a cluster of either 3 fruits or 3 leaves) design.

The royal ear-rings were known as *karnavatansa*. Ear-ornaments were called *karanabharana*. Other royal ear-drops etc., were the *karnakundalabharana*, a large ear-ring, the *tadagam* (cf: Sans: *Tatanka*), *kadu-kappu* and *todu*.

The Colombo and Kandy Museums contain good specimens of ancient Sinhalese and Tamil ear ornaments. The *Pulli-mal* (drops), *kuru*, *kola*, etc., are worth adopting today.

A LECTURE ON MODERN TIMES

BEGUM Mir Amiruddin, in a public lecture delivered at Udipi lately on *Modern Times*, dealt with the various prominent tendencies of the present age. In the social field, she pointed out that a striking feature of modern times was the rise in importance of womanhood. One of the results of the last Great War was the bursting of fetters and the liberation of women from the restrictions of centuries in many lands. The growing tendency of the present age was the extension to women of more of the rights and privileges that had been hitherto enjoyed by men alone, though still even in an advanced country like England prejudice against women had not completely disappeared. The lecturer stated that, when she visited Cambridge, it was a great disappointment to her to learn that, while that University permitted women to study for their degrees, it did not allow them to become its members or wear the insignia of their degree, namely the cap and gown. She mentioned another instance. At a luncheon given to her husband and herself by the members of the House of Commons, she enquired of a prominent M. P. who was sitting next to her as to how English women were getting on in Parliament. The gentleman declared that a woman could not be expected to be anything but a failure in Parliament, as when she stood up and made a speech about *coal*, her speech fell flat on the audience. Begum Amiruddin enquired, " Do you always discuss coal in Parliament, or deal with some other matters as well, e.g. child welfare, health, and education ?" The answer was " Certainly, we do much of that." Then she retorted, " Don't you think that when a man rises and speaks about milk for babies and the education of tiny tots, and matters affecting women's problems, his speech falls flat on the women M. P.s? " and of course, he had to concede the point. Nevertheless, the lecturer stated that at no time in the history of the universe did women play such an important part in world-affairs as at present, and what was most encouraging was that they were giving a most satisfactory account of themselves. Mrs. Amy Mollison and Miss Jean Batten had distinguished themselves in the art of flying, thus demonstrating that there was no justification for the belief that women were lacking in nerve; the renown attained in the field of science by the late Madame Curie, the Nobel Prize Winner in Physics, and by her equally distinguished daughter, Madame Joliot, another Nobel Prize Winner in science, had exploded the current notion that science was a province where women could not shine; and the part played by the Ethiopian women during their last war and by the women of Spain during its present civil strife indicated that when occasion demanded women could give a good account of themselves even in the art of self-defence. The women of Turkey, that land where the suppression of women's individuality had become a byword, to-day enjoyed rights and privileges far exceeding those possessed by women of most of the advanced countries of Europe.

Madame Bayune Munire was now the President of the Court of Justice in the Uchak Department; the foster-daughter of Kemal Ata-turk, the President, had enrolled herself in the army; and conscription had been introduced in the land for girls also. Even in India, which was considered to be the stronghold of conservatism, considerable advance had been made during the past decade. The door to higher education was open to women on the same terms as men, and none of the numerous Universities of this land had imposed any restriction on women—a matter in regard to which India was in advance of some Western countries. Women were now being increasingly appointed on committees and commissions dealing with health, labour, and educational problems; and with the exception of certain provinces, e. g. Assam, Sind, and the Punjab, they had been granted equal rights with men of franchise and election to the local bodies. Madras was the first country that had nominated a woman as Deputy President of her Legislature, a fact which the lecturer had mentioned with pride in her speeches in England.

But, while feminine independence was thus making headway in most lands, it was remarkable that quite a contrary tendency was noticeable in the very heart of Europe, viz., in Italy and Germany. An outcry against women had become a part of the Nazi and Fascist creed. In the above countries, women were debarred from entering any profession and their admission to Universities was restricted. Many women's organisations were suppressed, and they were deprived of their jobs. Mussolini proclaimed, "Get back to your homes"; Hitler declared, "We deny the theory of women's equality because it dishonoured them"; and General Goering's slogan was, "Women are fit to be masters only of pots and pans." The role assigned to the Italian and German women was that of servants of the hearth and home, the mothers of sons for use in the army, and of daughters as the future mothers of sons.

The lecturer then dealt with the problem of unemployment. She stated that in some countries of the West, where no restriction to womens' liberties had yet been imposed, women were more in demand in the labour market because they were cheaper to employ. In the interests of the men themselves, it was necessary that the existing disparity between the pay of a man and a woman for the same service they performed be abolished throughout the world. Men would continue to fear women in the labour market, so long as women were forced to undercut them. She deprecated the tendency in India to pay women-teachers less than the men.

In order that there may be no reaction against women's advance in this country, she stated that women should bear certain essentials in mind. Women's equality did not signify that they should become bereft of their grace, charm, and modesty. In deportment, in dress, and in the province of amusement, they should live up to the light of their own reason and requirements, and not act in ludicrous imitation of men. The ideal of the modern Indian girl should be that of:—

> "The perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To guide, to comfort, and command."

"Not only to guide and command" the home; but, when she had the capacity for it, also take the helm of her country's affairs. Women desired a fair field and no favour. It would not do for all and sundry to compete with men for jobs, but it would be contrary to national interest, to debar women who were intellectually gifted and had an aptitude for particular avocations, in favour of men of inferior calibre.

In the political field, the lecturer pointed out that recent events had nullified the prophecy of Mr. H. G. Wells that the War of 1914 was a war to end war, and that amid the thunder of guns permanent peace would be established on earth. The growing armaments, that were the dominant facts in European situation, were portents of another universal conflagration.

Only after that would sanity establish its hold on the minds of the people. Thereafter, when peace would be proclaimed as a result of sheer exhaustion on all sides, and when the intensity of the havoc caused by modern scientific warfare would be brought home to all, people would realise in all seriousness the need for casting off their narrow nationalism and combine in building up the structures of world-federation and an enduring world-peace. The modern tendency of democracies being replaced by dictatorships was only a passing phase. The idea that had always been deeply rooted in the heart of man, no matter to what country he belonged, was the democratic idea, and humanity had flowered and progressed when the democratic spirit was in the ascendant. Hence such a spirit could never be checked.

In the educational field, a dominant factor in modern times, was adult education. In England, Scotland, and America, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a network of libraries had been established. In addition to these, radio and extension lectures were playing a prominent part in widening the outlook of the adult. At no time was the need for the diffusion of useful knowledge among the people of India so urgent as it was to day. Education was not synonomous with literacy, but had a wider meaning. The adult had to be informed, if not made literate, his mind illumined, and his outlook widened. In China, many villages had been converted from illiteracy to literacy by the voluntary efforts of students. Every educated person incurred a debt to society which had to be repaid. Education was a privilege and for that privilege, the educated had to discharge certain duties towards those less fortunate than themselves.

Another striking feature of modern times was the emergence of the Youth Movement. Youth was casting off its spirit of subservience and had become assertive. This was an age when more and more opportunities were going to young men. Youth had to-day wonderful opportunities for service such as it never had before. It commanded health and vigour and was synonomous with the spirit of enquiry, adventure, and enthusiasm. But the qualities of which there was a paucity among them were sanity, caution, wisdom, and tact. The danger was that the exuberance of youth might seek to establish Utopia all at once and wreck that which they had worked for and planned. In these days, the duty of young men and women was to make a dispassionate search for truth, exercise their sense of discrimination and not be carried away by propaganda. They should try to distinguish the essential from the ephemeral, the practical from the idealistic, and the genuine from spurious counterfeits. Youth must re-act to new ideas, but in so doing, it should have judgment and a critical attitude. It should act upon a new idea, not simply because it was new, but because it was right, always remembering that "Not all wisdom is new, nor is all folly out of date."

A danger that had to be combated was the growing indifference of youth to religion. Youth without religion would not have the will to act, and would accomplish little, and would lead the world into a still greater disorder than that in which it found itself today. Rome, that was the mistress of the world, lost her Empire because she lost her soul. Humanity could not never outgrow the need for religion, a power which helped people to grow stronger, purer, and wiser, and enabled them to evaluate the things of life. What hygiene was to the baby, religion was to the soul. But side by side with religion, what was needed, particularly in India, was the cultivation of a spirit of toleration. In consonance with the teachings of her religion, the lecturer stated that she entertained the greatest regard and respect for all the great religions of the world and in conclusion commended to the audience the following lines from the *Bhagawadgita* :—

Find full reward of doing right in right,
Let right deeds be thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them,
And live in action. Labour! Make thine acts thy piety,
Casting all aside.

BARONESS VON DER GOLTZ

BY COLONEL A. E. MAHON.

[We commend this article to our readers. —*Ed., I. L. M*]

A DESCENDANT of a famous old Prussian military family, Baroness von der Goltz is an ardent worker in the cause of international understanding. In this respect she sets a worthy example, not only to Indian women, but also to her sisters all over the world. Indian women are enthusiastic politicians and they deserve full credit for the good they have done and are doing on behalf of their country in general and their own sex in particular. When it comes to international questions, however, Indian women are apt to let their patriotism over-rule their senses of fairness. In this, as in many things, Baroness von der Goltz shows her tolerance and broad-mindedness, and women of other nations can with advantage take this charming German lady as their pattern.

Shortly before the Olympic Games took place, the Baroness, on behalf of Germany, expressed the hope, which was made known through the press, that the games would prove a bond of international understanding and remarked that visitors might be assured of a warm welcome. Events fully proved the truth of her words and visitors have been enthusiastic in their praise of the wonderful hospitality they received. She further observed that the best way for nations to understand one another is for them to learn to know one another and added, with equal truth, that all nations can learn from one another.

Baroness von der Goltz was herself present at the Olympic Games and said: "Everywhere one felt the ardent desire of the Germans to make their foreign guests feel comfortable and 'at home'", a statement that is fully endorsed by thousands of visitors from all over the world. She expresses the hope, in which all will heartily concur, that those days will not only have been a success in sport, but that they will have helped the great cause of peace and friendly international understanding.

In a recent article by an Indian lady who had returned from a tour in Europe, I noticed that she recommended Indian women to take German women for their pattern. Well, comparasions are notoriously odious and we know that both good and bad are to be found in every country; nevertheless it must be admitted that German women, on the whole, possess many virtues and the Baroness von der Goltz represents the very best type of German women. Her innate modesty rebels against publicity and it is only out of consideration for the noble cause to which she is devoting her life that she will permit any use of her name. In her beautiful home near the Baltic sea, she unostentatiously carries on her work for the good of humanity, finding her relaxation in music. She has a beautiful voice and is an accomplished pianist. Among her other qualifications, this very charming lady is a trained Red Cross nurse and has acquired a thorough knowledge of housework and cooking. Are these not qualifications of which any Indian wife may be proud?

To be counted as one of Baroness von der Goltz's friends is at once an honour and a privilege, to enjoy this cultured lady's society is an intellectual treat, and one cannot know her without admiring and respecting her, for she is one of those women who always seem to bring out all that is best in one, while in her presence one instinctively feels that only the better things in life are those that are worth striving for. She has a personal influence that acts beneficially on all who come in contact with her; she is the type of woman who would be respected and loved as mother, wife or sister; she embo-

dies all that is good and noble in womanhood and no greater tribute can be paid to any woman than that. If India's politically-minded women will strive to retain the feminine virtues, that are so pronounced in this fair German lady's character, they will be better able to assist the cause of international understanding and universal peace and at the same time bring greater happiness to their country in general and their own homes in particular, and last but not least, the name of India's womanhood will be held in veneration throughout the world.

A GLIMPSE OF SAONSI LIFE

By Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool.

[These interesting articles by this well-travelled writer are of much interest, I am sure, to my readers, and I hope they will be continued. *Ed. I. L. M.*]

Amongst the criminal tribes, the Saonsis are the most criminal class in the Punjab, and are registered under the Criminal Tribes Act in nine districts. They trace their origin from Marwar and Ajmer, where they are still very numerous. They are essentially a wandering tribe, seldom or never settling for long in any one place. They are great hunters, catching and eating all sorts of wild animals, both clean and unclean, and eating carrion. They have some curious connection with the Jat tribes of the Central Punjab, to most of whom they are the hereditary genealogists, or '*bards.*' About 11 per cent are returned as Mussalmans and a very few as Sikhs. The rest are Hindus, but they are of course outcasts. They trace their descent from Sans Mal of Bhartpur, whom they still revere as their Guru, and are said to worship his patron saint under the name of Malang Shah. They are divided into two great tribes, Kalka and Malka, which do not inter-marry. They have a dialect peculiar to themselves; and their women are especially depraved.

The Saonsis are much under the influence of their aged women and the traditions cherished by them are a great obstacle to the reclamation of the tribe. Women, whose sons have been imprisoned, died in jail or executed, are said to boast of the fact. Next in influence to these beldames, are the hereditary '*mukhtars*' or leaders, who correspond in some degree to the gypsy kings of the Scotish *marches* a century ago. They hold festivals in honour of gods, and it is on such occasions that they divide booty and plan fresh crimes. Here too gambling and drinking form part of the regular rites.

At the birth of a child, they remain in a state of impurity for ten days. On the tenth day the *dasuthan* ceremony is performed, which consists of a general cleaning up of the house and the performance of *Havan* by the priest for the purification of the child and mother. The head of a boy is shaved when he is two months old.

As regards death ceremonies, the dead body is carried on an *arthi*—wooden bier—or a *charpai* and is cremated. The '*kapal kirya*' (i.e., the ceremony of breaking the skull) is duly performed. The bones are picked up and buried under a *pipal* tree. Certain ceremonies in this connection are performed like those of Hindus, and the ordinary Brahmin is invited to officiate.

The Saonsis also worship the sword and so an oath sworn on a *talwar* is said to be binding on them, but this may be a fiction set going by criminals for their own ends. In some parts of the Punjab, I was told, they will not touch it or pick it up if they are telling a lie. They will only do so if they are speaking the truth.

A SAONSI PRIEST

HIS WIFE

A GROUP OF WOMEN
who are wearing long rings in their noses.

Baroness von der Goltz

(See page 11)

Begum Mir Amiruddin,
whose lecture on *Modern Times* we are noticing in the I. L. M.

She has been invited to deliver an address at the next session of the World Congress of Faiths to be held at Balliol, Oxford, at the end of July next year.

PHOTO BY THE INDIAN NEWS AGENCY SRIRANGAM.

Whenever a dispute arises between Saonsis, the parties call a gathering of their brotherhoods and the appointed chiefs to settle their disputes. The man held to be at fault is punished with a '*dand*'—a fine imposed by the *punchayat*, its amount being fixed accordingly. If the parties object to the decision and each still declares himself to be in the right, another custom, called '*paun bhutti*', is observed. Each party gives a rupee to the chiefs who send for two divers. A bamboo is planted in a well and the divers are sent down into it. They dive into the water, and the man whose diver comes to the surface first is deemed to be false and the one whose diver comes up last, is considered to be true. Their belief is that water will not allow a false man to remain below its surface. This decision is final.

The Saonsis have a peculiar guttural accent. Being criminals, they conceal their language with scrupulous and extraordinary care. Many are the stories they tell of the Punjabis, who, attempting to become conversant with their speech, relinquished the project in despair, being baffled at the unforseen magnitude of the task they had undertaken. Such stories are, needless to say, exaggerations. The Saonsi dialect may be sub-divided into two, the main dialect, and the criminal variation. This indeed is the remarkable phenomenon of a dialect, which owes its origin to deliberate fabrication for the purpose of aiding and abetting crime. They themselves are unaware of its source; yet in the presence of strangers they unconsciously use a dialect, which is not a natural growth but a conscious manufacture. Although it resembles Punjabi, yet it is not understood by them. This criminal variation is absolutely unintelligible except to the initiated.

No attempt has been made to explain or account for the working of nature. The origin of gods amongst primitive races is often to be found in the endowment of natural phenomena, such as thunder and lightning, wind and rain, with human and personal attributes. The Saonsi, however, can see and hear, unmoved, such striking and often awe-inspiring manifestations of nature's working. The most simple and ordinary explanation that thunder is the wrath of an angry god, that absence of rain is the displeasure of a powerful diety, has not even occurred to him. It is most conclusive proof of his degraded and inert intellectual state, that he can look upon the forces of nature at work, without any derangement of his habitual solidity, beyond a little inconvenience.

It is interesting to note how entirely distinct and disconnected his theological system and his conduct appear to the Saonsi intelligence. His gods are merely the spirits of his tribal ancestors invested with powers for working evil, and so he does not concern himself with the question of having led a good or bad life according to his own lights. The sum-total of the demands is that certain propitiatory rights should be performed on important occasions. The influence of a man's conduct during life on his destiny after death, and the exaltation of demons and evil spirits into celestial beings, who judge a man according to his works, are subsequent developments of the human intellect.

The question of what happens to a man after his death is still an unsettled one amongst the Saonsis, and the germs of inquiry have not yet led him to formulate any definite theories on the subject. The spirits of women, who die during childbirth, are supposed to linger on in this world and torment living beings. Persons, who die an unnatural death, are said to become evil spirits after death, in the same manner that in ghost stories the spirit of the murdered man, rather than that of the murderer, is generally supposed to haunt the scene of the crime. In order to terrify and exorcise the evil spirit into leaving the body of his victim, the services of a sorcerer or wizard are requisitioned.

The physique of the race is exceptional, and the men are possessed of phenomenal powers of endurance and insensibility of

fatigue. A journey of twenty-five or thirty miles in one day is by no means an impossibility for a Saonsi, and they are known to have committed burglaries in villages seven or eight miles distant from their homes, and to have returned to their villages before daylight on the next morning.

It is only recently that the Saonsis have settled down in fixed homes and abodes. Some of them still live in huts or *pakhis* i.e., temporary shelters of straw matting or thatch. To ask a Saonsi to work and labour for his daily necessaries is as much an anomaly, as to ask an infant at the breast to earn the nourishment it receives by personal effort.

Their dress is rather funny, but most of them wear *chaddar* and the women *gaghras*. The children are often naked until the age of ten or twelve, when they wear *langotis* and a thread round their shoulders.

The males are generally dark in complexion with bright sparkling eyes, while the females are more often fair. Their faces are cast in the aboriginal mould and are very 'foxy' in expression The fleetness and agility of the males have always been noticed, as has been the Amazon-like nature of their women-folk.

CURRENT COMMENTS

1. We are glad to hear of the accession of Srijukta Nanoomah to the position of Chief of the Mong Circle in the Chittagong Hill Tracts. She is the first woman to attain this position, but has had efficient training for it during her late father's rule. The presentation of a sword to her, as symbolical of her new dignity, is typical of the arduous nature of her task. We are glad at the same time that she has promised to do her best to improve the education of the women of her circle

* * * *

2. It is interesting to notice that the institution of nursing started as early as A. D. 60, when we hear of Deaconess Phoebe, the friend of St. Paul, as one of the nurses for the sick. Naturally, nursing was regarded for long as a religious duty by women, who gave themselves up to their work with zeal and faith ; but, when Henry VIII of England dispossessed the monasteries, this fraternity went away to other lands. Later, infirmaries were opened for the sick in England, but experienced nurses could not be found for them. So, paid nurses were recruited from the uneducated classes ; and as a result, the work and status of nurses deteriorated. The institution of nursing is still suffering from that defect ; but we are glad it is surely, but steadily, rising to a higher level in Western countries. We need the same progress in consideration for nursing in India.

* * * *

3. Dr. Tagore's message to the women of Bengal, at the All-Bengal Women Workers' Conference, can be taken as a universal dictum to the feminine world. Tracing the growth of the world, the poet pointed out that it was woman, and not man, who had been given the task of nature in taking up the throes and pangs of life necessary to all phenomena of existence. Man had the duty of building up civilization ; but, while doing so, he had also to set in force the "centrifugal" tendency to break it up. What could woman do therefore, but throw herself into the breach, and endeavour to repair the disturbance. So, she became the centre of society, and the matriarchal system came into force, while allowing the family and the clan to expand. But, the extension of civilization, after a time, required the help of weapons, and woman had to go into the background and keep herself to the home and its work. True, she gave the inspiration to growth in many cases ; but yet the gulf between her and man in intellect and in business widened ; and, being weak and helpless, she took upon herself to be the victim of society. She came to look upon God as a Being, who required to be propitiated ; and hence in her search for purity, she allowed herself to fall back in education, and superstitions and blind custom became her gods, and hindered the progress of not only herself, but of all mankind.

Later, however, the consciousness of women awakened even in Eastern countries like

Persia, Japan, China. Yet, it must not be supposed that women became manly in their new efforts to take part in the growth of civilization. Far from it. It was the womanly qualities of women, which were required in the building up of society. "It was women alone who could save civilization, which was proceeding to its goal of destruction through a thorny path stained with blood. Civilization made by man was in the melting-pot. It was in Western countries that man-made civilization flourished most. This one-sided civilization, the *savants* of those countries had opined, was on its way to dissolution, since, it had not been supplemented and mellowed by woman's heart and intellect.

Just at the time, when the situation had seemed hopeless, women had entered the arena. Even if a slight vestige of civilization remained after its impending dissolution, it would be women's sacred task to create a new civilization on its ruins. Man's intellect and woman's heart acting in unison would bring about that new state of things. Then and then only they would be able to take their rightful place.

Before they aspired to do that, women, however, must assert themselves, remove their ignorance and refuse to bow down to blind belief and superstition. They must be brighter in intellect and have a wider outlook. Indian women must not think for a moment that they were lowly and downtrodden. They were to discard their age-long ignorance and rise to the occasion. The new age was coming."

We heartily endorse this message.

* * * *

4. The symposium of lectures given at the Maternity and Child Welfare Conference at Madras lately, make interesting reading. It was pointed out that the maternal mortality of India was so high as to be about three to four times that of England and Wales, being as much as 2,00,000 deaths every year. Rao Bahadur Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, said out of his great experience :

"The havoc caused to the mother in permanently weakening her constitution and invalidating her for longer or shorter periods, is very great, and necessarily tends to affect the whole fabric of family life. No disconnected efforts and no efforts concentrated to particular areas will suffice if the situation is to improve. It is because of this universal need for active steps to be taken to combat the incidence of the heavy mortality that a national scheme is inevitable.

Taking our presidency into consideration, it is undoubtedly true that a good deal of work has been done in this direction, and I can testify to the fact that, within the last quarter of a century, things have changed remarkably and things have also improved; but we have yet to make up great leeway, and the question before us is how best this can be done. In any scheme of national maternity service, all available facilities should be taken into consideration and it is only by coordinating the activities of the various organisations that any advance will be made in this direction. This implies a more centralised control of maternity relief. The idea underlying a national maternity service is to establish a net-work of obstetric centres throughout the presidency, utilising every single existing institution and organisation and plotting out additional centres where necessary, without limiting oneself to the artificial demarcations of districts and *taluqs*.

One of the most important factors in any scheme of maternity relief was undoubtedly the ante-natal clinic. The first essential was to make every ante-natal clinic efficient and efficiently run. Adequate ante-natal care implied efficient and constant supervision of the pregnant woman from the commencement of pregnancy, the correction of any abnormalities whenever they occurred, and the transference to an institution of every patient who could not be suitably treated and nursed in her own home. If midwives were to play a dominant role in the scheme of maternity service, the question naturally arose about adequate training for these midwives.

It was unfortunate that at present the training in midwifery was part of the scheme of general sick nursing training. This had led to two inevitable and disastrous results : the period of training had necessarily to be restricted, and the majority of the people trained had not the remotest idea of following the career of midwife. The wastage involved in such training was obvious.

There ought to be periodical training or 'refresher' courses for both midwives and practitioners. The whole scheme should be so adapted that there would be a continuous stream of qualified persons, flowing in and out of the well-recognised teaching institutions, imbibing the latest information, refreshing their outlook

and benefiting by the experience gained by a short period of post-graduate training, to mak themselves more useful units in any scheme of maternity service. The increased co-operation that should exist between the medical profession and all state agencies need hardly be emphasised. It should be possible for such co-operation not merely to be encouraged but to be actively solicited.

The care of the mother should not be left to individual efforts, but the State should have a general control over the whole organisation, and local efforts and voluntary agencies and other institutional facilities should be made to fit in in this scheme of State organisation."

* * *

5. At the Annual meeting of the Central Punjab Branch of the All India Women's Conference, the differences of opinion among educated women, as regards the new ideas of feminine progress, were brought out. While some pointed out that women should not get into professions and services, or follow the ideas of Western countries blindly, but take up only social and domestic duties, others said otherwise, and held that too much retirement at home for women was not advisable. For instance, Princess Durre Shehwar of Hyderabad said that woman, if needed, should be able to earn her living by honourable work, and so there ought to be opportunities given her to take up work, like the scheme for arts and crafts and home industries in Hyderabad. The comments of the *Madras Mail* on the points in question, are worth reading :

"Although India is not at present faced with a disproportion between the sexes such as exists in Great Britain, it is necessary to recognise that, owing to economic causes, the tendency to later marriage and impediments like the dowry system, numbers of young women in this country, especially among the middle classes, cannot look forward to marriage as their only vocation. For this inevitable surplus of women, who do not find husbands or who marry late, there are opportunities for useful employment in many spheres, and provision must be made to ensure that they are properly trained to look after themselves, should circumstances compel them to do so. As in other countries, the instrusion of women into occupations, that have hitherto been male preserves, is bound to rouse opposition, and it is desirable from all points of view that this should be avoided as far and as long as possible. In India, there has been no indication that women in general aspire to employment in Government or mercantile offices or in the grades of industry which are at present filled by men, and the possibility of any acute antagonism between the sexes on this account seems remote. Nor need men feel alarm at the growing number of women who are entering the medical profession in this country. In the fight against disease and in the relief of suffering there is great scope for the energies and abilities of women, and for many years the demand for women doctors and nurses to do work, which by custom is barred to men, is likely to exceed the supply."

* * *

(6) We have heard of the grandeur at Wembley, of the magnificent world-fair at Chicago, and innumerable other great exhibitions; but these have always been outside India. In this country we have and are having exhibitions and fairs every year; but like most things organised in India, they do not exceed average standard — and do not achieve an international name.

We are, however, to meet with a great surprise in the near future, for Mr. Michael, with the help of his two daughters, has for the last five years been planning the most elaborate of exhibitions. He has schemed and worked and thought and read, until his plans have been worked out, financially, to the last pice, and in other fields, to the minutest details. The All-India exhibition which he proposes to inaugurate in 1938, will probably last for many months, if not permanently, and it will revolutionise Indian industry and agriculture. It will also be of great help to India economically and socially.

The exhibition will include pleasure grounds and amusement parks, and will hold forward the most unique and useful ideals for future industrial enterprises. Its plans are elaborate and colossal, and we wish Mr. Michael and his daughters every luck in their great enterprise.

‘HUMBUG’

A Short play

By H. Kaveri Bai

Scene I.

[Mr. Paul wearing a lungi and covering his back with a rag for a scarf sits sipping his tea at a rickety table containing miscellaneous things, in a poorly-furnished drawing room.]

Enter beggar, a well dressed Muslim, with a tray of fruit, which is evidently not meant to be given away.

Beggar :— *Salaam lekho* Maharaj, a humble offering to you, sir.

Mr. Paul :—Off with your humble offering and your humbug, you lazy sloth. Go, work for a living and don't be loafing about here.

Beggar :—Peace, Maharaj, I'm no professional beggar, sir. Only there is going to be a wedding in the family. We are poor folk and wayfarers, who can't find the money for the expenses. We rely upon the bounty of great ones like you.

Mr. Paul :—Hang your wedding! Who told you to beg and make a marriage? Anyway, I have no bounty to give away to every impostor who comes along with a tray of fruit pretending to give an offering. I say, off with you.

Beggar :—This is no imposture, Maharaj ; you can see the bridegroom under the banyan tree in the *maidan*, where we have halted for the day. Any little mite from your hands will be gladly accepted, and may the blessing of Allah be on you and yours.

Mr. Paul :—I say, impostor or no impostor, it's all one to me. I'm neither rich nor grand. You'll get nothing from here anyway. So better clear out.

(Exit beggar ; enter Shanta,—Mrs. Paul,—with a *winnow* of rice in her hand.)

Shanta :—Is the beggar gone? Why, he looks grander in his full suit than you with only your loin cloth and that shabby rag to cover your bare back.

Mr. Paul :—Money, money ; for every blooming business money is wanted these days. There's a silly farce going on in the office just now. Mr. Sarma is to be given a fussy send-off and they are going round with the subscription list. Four annas per head it would seem! I declared that I was not going to spend a single anna from my pocket. (Picks up a sheet of paper from the table and reads).

Shanta :—No ; Nor a single pie either. They have called you stingy and mean often enough. So, this will be nothing new. If we want to get on in the world, we have got to ignore calumny. What painful stinting and laying by alone have converted our pence into pounds and our pounds into jewellery! We can't afford to throw away money, with two daughters and a son to be brought up and provided for. Very fine, this eternal call for subscriptions, alms and donations! But what's that you are reading, with that frown on?

Mr. Paul :—What but Rohini's progress report! It's downright disheartening. I say, that girl of ours has made up her silly mind to neglect her studies. I can't speak more sharply or severely to her than I have done so. Three years in the fourth form and no hope of a promotion yet! I tell you, she is getting too giddy of her so-called good looks, and wastes all her time before the glass. A girl must have at least a moderate education now-a-days. No young fellow in these times cares for a surface without brains. She does not realize that. But I can't let her grow an old maid waiting for some grand suitor to turn up. Let us find some God-fearing young man and marry her off.

Shanta :—It is just like you to rail against your own children. It is absolutely nothing to you the way the poor girl is treated in the school. She says, girls and teachers envy her for dressing well. Why should they persecute her so? The girls are all tale-bearers, I tell you, and the teachers from sheer malice don't give her good marks. Better we withdraw her from there and send her to a boys' school instead.

Mr. Paul :—I can't trust our Vanity Fair in a boys' school ; there! It's Shanta all over to

encourage her silly daughter so. There, there, she's coming. Go on with your cleaning of the rice and let us talk of something else.

(Shanta cleans rice sitting on a low stool. Enter Rohini, returning from school).

Rohini:— (Throwing her books on the table with a noise) I really can't stand that school any longer, Papa. I want to discontinue and stay at home.

Mr. Paul:— What's up? Why do you toss the books about like that? I have paid hard cash for every one of them, and there is no mint in our back yard.

Shanta:—Go to the kitchen dearie, and have your coffee before you sulk. Mind you change your clothes at once and fold up your school dress neatly. I can't always be lady's maid to you. You must look after your own clothes in future.

(Exit Rohini and enter Chitra with her baby brother)

Mr. Paul:— The same old story over again, I suppose. I am heartily sick of it.

Shanta:—Chitra, give the baby to sister and go and grind the curry stuff. Rohini is too elegant a lady to help me in the house-work. Take away those things. (Exit Chitra with the tea things)

Mr. Paul:—She is fit for nothing, I tell you. She imagines she can spend life sitting like a doll and admiring herself. Look at her coming again with such a horrid temper. (Enter Rohini again).

Rohini:—Papa, how long do you think, I can put up with those horrid people at school? Why should they want to stare at my clothes and jewels and then laugh, and talk in whispers? If I resent their insults, they quarrel with me and call me Miss Quarrelsome. One creature says, I rig myself out like a grand Begum Sa'ab and not the daughter of a petty clerk. Another asks me whether I'm going to a wedding straight from school. The teachers tell me, I ought to be ashamed of dressing up like a filmstar and doing three years in the same class. It is worse than purgatory, what I am going through there every single day.

Shanta:—What business is *it* of *their's*, the beasts, how you dress, and whether your father is a Nawab or a Fakir? Surely, Mr. Paul, this ought to be the limit. You must go and demand an explanation of those creatures why they should so persecute an innocent girl. But who is that? Seems to be hesitating whether to come or no. She is making enquiries of those people there.

Mr. Paul:—True. What might she want with us? She is wearing khaddar and looks like a Congress worker. Raising funds for somebody's reception, perhaps. Well, Congress workers will have short shrift here.

Rohini:—How stylish! Sandals, ladies' hand-bag, wrist-watch, glasses, suit-case...looking self-conceited. Sure, she's making for our house.

(Enter stranger)

Stranger:—*Namaskaram*, sir. You are Mr. Paul, aren't you? Excuse my taking a liberty.

(Rohini retreats indoors, but takes peeps at the caller).

Mr. Paul:—Same, but what may you want with me, please?

Stranger:— I shall come to that presently. Quite natural for you not to know who I am, though you are no stranger to me. Isn't Mr. James of Secunderabad one of your brothers, and haven't you another at Poona?

Mr. Paul:— I have, but how do you happen to know them?

Shanta:— Chitra, get a mat for this lady. Will you please sit and continue?

Stranger:— That's a fine girl you have; the one who went in when I came. Is that your eldest daughter, Rohini?

Mr. Paul:— Y-Yes; she is our Rohini. But how do you know us all?

Stranger:— Am I to understand that Mr. James has written nothing to you about my coming?

Mr. Paul:—My brothers and I are not very good correspondents.

Stranger:— But I'm sure, he did write to you this time. Maybe the letter was lost in transit or will arrive late. Anyway, I have known both your brothers long, and Mr. David of Poona especially is thick with my nephew, Siva Ram—he is an I. C. S. officer, you know. I am treated like one of the family by your brothers. But now I come on a business which touches us all. I asked Mr. James to give me an introduction letter to

you, but he said I would be quite welcome even without one. I live in the Residency Bazaar, and your sister-in-law is a very nice person. Very sociable, isn't she ?

Shanta :— We are at your service.

Mr. Paul :— You have not told us what we owe the honour of your visit to.

Stranger :— (Indicating the children with a nod), I wish to have a confidential talk with you.

Shanta :— Now, Rohini, you shy thing, and Chitra, take your little brother into the back yard and play with him under the tamarinds. (A pause). They have gone. Yes ?

Stranger :— It is such a pity you have not received Mr. James' letter. I am constrained to open the topic myself without any introduction. Have you no intention of getting our Rohini married ? However much you may educate a girl, her ultimate place is the home.

Mr. Paul :—(Aside) Our Rohini ! What can she mean ? (Louder to Stranger), I don't mind if a good enough offer comes.

Stranger :— I bring one for your consideration. I have heard much about your daughter's praises, and what is more, Siva Ram has a great desire to see her. I hope you can guess the object.

Shanta :— But, you appear to be a Hindu and we are Christians ?

Stranger :— Those things don't count in these days of mixed marriages, and besides, if you want full satisfaction, my nephew is a convert. Don't take me to be the fiery bigot I may seem to be.

Mr. Paul :— But our girl is not very highly educated. Perhaps, your nephew is not aware of that ?

Stranger :—Oh don't worry ; he knows everything. He wants none of those highly-educated smart and giddy modern girls who are for a life of hectic pleasure. He wants a home-keeping wife whose husband is her first concern. He knows that your daughter is a modest girl possessed of all domestic virtues. If he desires a better education for her, he can easily give her a European governess. You must excuse me now. I have to go out on an important business. We can discuss the rest tonight.

Shanta :— You are welcome. Here Chitra, take this lady's box into that room. Shall I order your dinner from a Hindu hotel please, madam ?

Stranger :— Oh, call me Yamuna Bai, please. But why from a hotel at all ? I hope you share your own table with a guest ? Yes, for tonight's meal and accommodation, I shall be much obliged to you. I shall make my own arrangements for the remaining two or three days.

Mr. Paul :— Madam, be good enough to drop that idea from your mind If it is not inconvenient to your good self, my humble cottage is at your disposal and you shall share our humble fare.

Stranger :— Very kind of you. Thanks. I shall take my leave for the present. (Exit Yamuna)

Scene II

Shanta :— (Quite excited) I hope she is out of hearing. I am unable to believe my own senses. Is it possible, an I. C. S. officer for our daughter's hand ? The utmost I had hoped for her was some graduate chap—some teacher or a petty official. But this is simply staggering. I am trembling all over with excitement. At long last my darling's persecution is ended. She shall not step into that hell of a school again.

Mr. Paul :— I don't blame you. I feel intoxicated myself. But we must try to be self-possessed. I am writing to James and David today. Let me have my coat and cap, Shanti. After the letters are finished, I shall go the market and get something for her dinner. It is really an unexpected honour.

Shanta :— Your trowsers and boots ?

Mr. Paul :—Oh no. There's no time for all that. I must sprint now. Look here, you can explain everything to the child tomorrow. Now, *mum's* the word. Take care ; the malice of our neighbours can ruin any match if there's wind about it—and you know a great many have their own axes to grind. I go. Prepare something decent for dinner. This is not the time for economy.

Shanta :—Oh, get whatever nice things you can, and don't forget fruits and pan and for goodness' sake do remember to get some eating leaves. We can't serve a guest in enamel plates. Spend freely. (Exit Mr. Paul). Now girls, put down baby. Give him some toys and come and help me in cooking. Rohini,

darling, you have time enough to be an elegant lady—a Princess if you like; but now you must help your poor Mummy to entertain our honoured guest. My dears, don't wait for instruction from me. You see I have lost my head.

Rohini:— Bother! who is going to do all this work. Is that old witch so grand as all that? If you want to entertain her let her give a hand here.

Shanta:— Hush, my child! Mind how you talk. She takes you for a well-bred modest girl. No doubt you will be all that, but you must not be so childish still.

Chitra:— But who is she, Mummy, and can a Hindu eat in our house?

Shanta:— Dearie, let us talk about that tomorrow. Now mind your work please. (Curtain drops) Pause. (Curtain goes up again)

Chitra:— There is Papa coming back. Sister, let us open the parcel and see what nice things he has brought for us.

[Enter Mr. Paul with a cooly carrying a hamper. The hamper is set down. The cooly is paid and he leaves, counting the coins]

Mr. Paul:— Everything finished?

Shanta:— I shall make two more dishes with these vegetables. Everything else finished. Sweets too. But bother! I forgot to mention ghee. Have you brought any?

Mr. Paul:— Good God! It did not strike me. We have no butter-milk either. Fine to entertain a guest without these. Chitra, run dear, to the milkman' house and fetch a cup of ghee and a bowl of buttermilk. Tell his wife we want these urgently and she can charge for them tomorrow. But it is nearly two hours since she left.

(Curtain down. Curtain up again. The kitchen)

Rohini:—Mummy, Yamuna Bai is coming.

Shanta:— Tell your father to engage her somehow. I can't leave my work and go. Chitra, have you polished the tray for serving the fruits and pan? Rohini dear, sweep the place, sprinkle water and spread the mats and then lay the leaves. You all sit with her and eat. I shall serve you first and then take my dinner after you all finish.

Rohini:— Mamma, I feel too shy to sit in her company. I shall help you in the serving and eat with you afterwards.

(Curtain down down, scene changes to the drawing room again).

Mr. Paul:— The ladies are busy cooking and serving. I hope you won't mind waiting a few minutes? Or will you have your bath in the meanwhile?

Yamuna:— No thanks, I have just had my bath at the tank. I am used to it. Give the little one to me: I shall mind him for his mamma. There's a new film running on in the Taj Palace, I hear. Is it interesting?

Mr. Paul:— I should think so. But I haven't been to see it yet. Do you care to see it? In that case, I shall take you all tomorrow for the first show.

Yamuna:— Not tomorrow, if you please. Let it be the day after. You see my nephew will be arriving on that morning and I want him to see our Rohini at the pictures. But do you think we could get first-class tickets so that she might sit in the front row and be clearly seen? The cinema is after all a stunt you see?

Mr. Paul:— Oh, first-class tickets are nothing. (Bites his lip in disappointment)

Yamuna:— Then, another thing. I may not be able to sit with you all the time, as I have got to go out now and then. You won't mind that?

Mr. Paul:— Certainly not. I should like you to please yourself.

Yamuna:— Then, after the show is done, I shall bring him over to you and introduce him. After that, if you like, the engagement can take place the next day. By the by, can't you take a slightly bigger and more decent house opposite the *dak* bungalow, if possible, as he will be putting up there? That would facilitate the meetings between the two young people. Siva Ram may not like his bride to live in a place like this?

Mr. Paul:— (Biting his lip again) We shall see to that.

(Enter Shanta with a small vessel of water and a towel)

Shanta:— Dinner is ready. Will you please come in? You can leave your sandals here, near the threshold. Here is water for washing your hands and feet, and here is the towel. Let me take the child.

Yamuna:— Oh yes, thank you.

SCENE III (Third day)

Shanta :— I am glad she goes to the tank for bathing. Where is the convenience in the house when we ourselves are bathing near the kitchen sink, suspending all the cooking operations for the time? (Throwing herself wearily on the floor-mat with a loud sigh) Thank goodness, she is not coming here for her meals today. The collector is arriving and she must look to his comforts. What a relief to me! She asked me to get ready for the second show, as the first may not be very convenient for him, having arrived just this morning. She will come in the evening, however, and go with us.

Mr. Paul :— Wonder what the chap looks like. Have a great mind to take a walk and give a glance at the *Dak* Bungalow. But let me see what I have spent these three days for her entertainment. Ten rupees, Shanta! (Clasps his hands). It will cost me another decent five for the tickets and then think about the conveyance! It is enough to take my breath away. I am grudging to spend a few annas to get a new shirt that I want and passing my time covering my back with a rag at home!

Shanta :— But who sees how you dress at home? You go to the office in a proper costume. But I am sure you can part with twenty rupees easily enough, when you are getting a collector for your son-in-law. The idea of witnessing the mortification of all those creatures, who have plagued the poor girl's life, when they learn that she is engaged to an I. C. S. Officer! It really makes me forget my exhaustion. She will really be a Begum Sa'ab and pay them all compliments, driving in her husband's car. What do you say? Extra-ordinary luck!

Mr. Paul :— (Nodding) Have you told everything to the child?

Shanta :— Of course. I think we deserve a little rest after all our strenuous work. I am simply breaking down. I shall just cook breakfast and dinner in one, and rest from kitchen work this evening. Rice and some sauce will do. But how are we going there?

Mr. Paul :— She proposed a hired coach for going, but her nephew's car will drop us all here on our way back.

Shanta :— A car! How grand! I wish folks could see us a bit. But I must go and rest a little. I feel like dropping down.

(Curtain down. Evening the same day. Enter Yamuna Bai).

Yamuna :— (Looking at her wrist watch), It is getting near half-past eight. Are you all ready?

Shanta :— Oh yes, the carriage too is at the door. Shall we start?

(Enter Rohini)

Yamuna :— (Clasping her hands in wonder), Jai Narayana! Jai Sri Krishna! Tell me, friends, is this your daughter or a vision? Won't he be ravished! He ought to have been a Prince to marry this Princess. But wait. Sister, don't you think those heavy clumsy jewels spoil her style? They are positively outrageous, I should say. It would give forty fits to a young lady now-a-days to be asked to carry all that load on her elegant person. I am afraid it will show bad taste to a modern young fellow and an England-returned man too.

Shanta :— (Wringing her hands.) But what shall I do now?

Yamuna :— Do take off her gold belt. Do you see elegant girls wearing belts these days? Then let her chuck off all those heavy chains, except that neat little one with the pendant. The ear-drops and bangles look allright. You can give her a string of pearls, if you have any. You too look a little quaint, sister, with your string of coins and that torque with the heavy medallion dropping from it, somewhat like a dog's collar—excuse the comparison. But he may not be so very particular about your own style, but I tell you the girl's case is different. She is an ornament herself without any of those horrors. I might tell you confidentially, that he has brought her a diamond necklace for the engagement.

Shanta :—Then dear, take off your belt and all the other chains. Here, take this torque too, though I don't mind keeping my coin necklace on. Wait, I shall put them away carefully in the chest of drawers. (Goes in with the jewels and comes back with the keys). Chitra darling, keep these keys under your pillow. Fasten the door carefully after we step out and don't open it on any account. When we come back and knock, make sure of us from the window first, before you open the door with sleepy eyes. We are coming

back in a car. Our good neighbour, Ganga, is sleeping here tonight, but her bed is in the backyard, because she says it is stuffy indoors. If anything happens, or you get frightened, call her. Look after baby brother carefully.

Mr. Paul :—Don't be disappointed dearie; I shall keep my word and take you to the pictures one of these days and give you a drive too.

Scene IV

(The pictures. A part of the hall with the spectators visible. Enter Yamuna)

Yamuna :—I shall wait here till he arrives and then leave you till the show is over. You will please stay till the crowd clears out. (The sound of a motor horn is heard). There, it is his car coming. I can recognise the horn. So, I go to meet him. (Exit)

Mr. Paul :— (To Rohini) Look here, dearie, don't be too self-conscious. He might think us vulgar. Just pull yourself up, and when he is introduced, don't refuse to shake hands with him.

Shanta :—It is all like a fairy story. What luck is yours, my girlie—

Mr. Paul :—Stop, there she is coming again. (Enter Yamuna)

Yamuna :—I have spoken to him. I have also told him not to embarrass the girl by staring rudely at her, if possible not to glance at her all. There is plenty of time to feast his eyes after the introduction. I don't mind sitting in the men's partition somewhere close to him. There—there, do you see that chap in his black evening dress? Just give him a brief glance.

Mr. Paul :—That one with the glasses, and smoking?

Yamuna :—Same.

Shanta :—Oh how handsome! Did you see him, dearie?

Yamuna :—Then I shall leave you for the present. Bye, bye; Wait till the crowds clear out. One thing more. Don't seem to take any special interest in Siva Ram. That might rouse the curiosity of your neighbours here. Better you do not glance in his direction at all. (Curtain down)

The show is over and the spectators have left. (Curtain up)

Mr. Paul :—Why, where is Yamuna and where the collector?

Shanta :—We will wait a little longer.

Mr. Paul :—We have waited long enough. They are switching off the lights. Come, we must go.

Shanta :—But what about the car?

Mr. Paul :—Car be hanged. We have got to tramp.

Shanta :—All that distance?

Mr. Paul :— Can't be helped. Oh God, my money!

(Curtain up and down again. They return home)

Shanta :—At long last! I thought the walk would never end. (Sighing)

Mr. Paul :—Chitra, Chitra, open the door, child. It's we, come back.

Chitra :— (Voice from within) Who is that? Papa? I am coming. (She comes) But where is the car and where is the collector?

Mr. Paul :—Shall tell you tomorrow. Now go to bed again.

(Curtain down and up again. The morrow. Dawn).

Shanta :— Chitra, wake up, lassie. It's six o'clock. Time to sweep the street front, sprinkle cow-dung and draw patterns. By the way, give me the keys. (Goes in. Sounds of opening drawers. Comes out wringing her hands) Oh God, where are the jewels? Rohini, Chitra, wake up your father quickly and bring him here at once.

(The children go. Enter Mr. Paul in haste)

Mr. Paul :—What does all this panic mean?

Shanta :— We are robbed. See where I kept the jewels we took off before we went to the pictures last evening; all gone, and the lock intact.

Chitra :— Mamma, I gave them all to Yamuna Bai last night.

Parents :— To Yamuna Bai and why?

Chitra :— She came after I had gone to sleep and knocked. I made sure of her from the window, and then opened the door. She said, you wanted the jewels urgently and sent her to fetch them. Why? Is it wrong?

Shanta :—My God! That woman! That fraud? (Shanta and the girls weep)

Mr. Paul :— Give me my coat. I'm off to the police station. Good God! there were two

passenger trains leaving last night in two different directions. The wretch might have cleared out. Oh dear! Those crowds. You women must wail and make a scene about it and draw attention. I'm off.

Shanta:— (Wiping her eyes.) Oh dear, there's that old cat, Lucy, coming along, your chief tormentor, Rohini. Girls, don't weep like that and never mention a word about anything to anybody. I know what to say. (Exit girls. Enter Lucy) Namaskaram Lucyamma; how do you do?

Lucy:— I met Mr. Paul flying to the police station. He could not tell me much. How did it all happen?

Shanta:— It was a woman to whom we had given hospitality.

Lucy:— You gave hospitality? Excuse me, I am putting it absurdly. I mean, was it a plump, dark woman middle-aged and very talkative? Must be Lakshmi.

Shanta:— Description same, but her name was Yamuna Bai.

Lucy:— But she can change her name. She is up to that. Before you came to this place, three years back, this woman came to a neighbour of mine, a Hindu working-class woman. She flattered the woman, mentioning how she had heard about Sita's sympathy for strangers, and the next-day, after being sure of her bait, she asked for the loan of a saree. She came with a story that some urgent call had brought her suddenly to the town, and she had no time to pack even one change of clothes, and, as she wanted to give to the laundry the dress she was wearing, she would be much obliged to Sita if she would lend her a spare saree for a few hours. Sita was imposed on by the stranger's compliments, and gave her her only spare saree which she never saw again. But you are not illiterate folks, and Mr. Paul is always very careful in these matters. When you were entertaining an absolute stranger for three days, you might have consulted your friends if they knew her antecedents. I had no idea that you had a guest, or I might have put you on your guard.

Shanta:— But who knew it would come to this? It is our fate. She seemed to know all our relatives so well, that we could not possibly suspect her.

Lucy:— That is her usual game. She finds out from the neighbours everything they can tell about you and comes to you with a claim on your hospitality. But Mr. Paul is not the man to be so easily taken in. That is the wonder. There Shantamma, don't weep, I'm sure something will be done. (Enter Mr. Paul)

All:— (Eagerly) What news?

Mr. Paul:— She is a fraud, the humbug, the wretch. Her name is Gouri, but she has several *aliases*. She has had three previous convictions already. The police sub-inspector will be coming along to take depositions from you all. So, that was a bogus nephew after all!

Shanta:— But she pointed out to that handsome young guy last night?

Mr. Paul:— I too can point out to some fellow and call him my relative, provided he does not hear me. This beats anything I have known, a mere woman imposing to such an extent! The cheat, the vampire! My God, twenty rupees! (Enter Rohini)

Rohini:— Papa, the postman. Two letters for you. (Gives the letters)

Mr. Paul:— James and David. There, they know nothing about any Yamuna Bai, or a collector either.

Lucy:— Who are the collector and the bogus nephew?

Shanta:—Oh, call some other day please. Don't you see our distress? I'm quite upset now. (Exit Lucy) How reluctantly that creature went! I'm sure it is all fun to her. My God, to think of my slaving all these days for that wretch! I wish we had been more communicative. But then we thought our spiteful neighbours would spoil the match. We wanted to take them by surprise. Oh, will they recover our jewels for us? My God, what what shall we do. (Wrings her hands and collapses on the floor.)

Mr. Paul:—My money! my money. I grudge to give a pie in charity to some poor devil, and my privations to save hard-earned money have been thrown away with all that gold! Oh heavens, my money!

Curtain.

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

ON the banks of a crystal lake I rested, in the balmy hour of twilight. The grass afforded me a cosy bed to lie on and, pillowing my head on my arm, I reclined in sweet abandon. A canopy of glossiest silk was above me, with hanging balls of gold and silver. The clear placid lake of sparkling water, undisturbed by any ripple or flow, conveyed to me the idea of a sleeping infant with its sweet innocent smile. The gentle breeze of the sunset hour wafted to me the perfume of the half-opened buds around. The foliage of the trees around me swayed in graceful dance of perfect rhythm and music The boughs weighed down with luscious fruit—the only food which sustained my existence. The lake afforded me the purest of beverage, and thus, full in the enjoyment of the lavish gifts of Mother nature, I was happy—supremely so.

The twilight hour deepened. A hush pervaded all around me. The soft breeze was whispering to me in caressing tones messages of welcome to a distant far-off land. Some cord within me seemed to get loosened and free. I felt my heart expanding itself beyond all limitations of this mundane sphere. The waves of the mind got lost in a waveless ocean. The very air seemed devoid of all movement. I felt myself in a benumbed sort of state, even the heart itself seeming to lose its timely beating. The soft melodious strains of ethereal music floated to my soul. Even in my dreamy, half-conscious state, I realised that it was stiring me to the depths. A sense of lightness pervaded within me. I felt myself floating on through vistas of transcendental charm. Mystic realms of divine beauty, misty tracts of sublime majesty, lofty heights of matchless vision—through them all I traversed. The heavenly music followed me still. Was it the symphony of the stars!—the eternal lullaby whose seductive note hushed to rest all restless souls!

Like a caged bird just out of its bars, I flew on through the vast vast ocean of infinite space. Sometimes, I flew to the highest of heights, and at other times I plunged into the deepest of depths. At times, I rushed into fleeting darkness and at odd moments I rested on fleecy clouds. How long I flew, I know not. The music that had been my guide stopped abruptly. I realised that I was still on the shores of the lake alone and with an anguished heart I cried—'Ah, where am I!'

Why did the master-musician cease his song so quickly! My soul that had set itself in time with his, sank back into agonished despair. When, oh Heaven, will this ineffable melody resound in my heart again!

* * * *

The lingering hours passed me by;
The day lay on the lap of night;
And I—the timid soul—stepped out to seek
For Him, to whom my maiden heart was
wed.

Noiselessly, I ope'ed the door,
And in the hush of night I crept;
Sweet silence took me by the hand,
And to the free expanse I flew.

Half-way, His voice came—
A voice that I knew so well!
Aye, it was His voice—the voice of music
That thrilled my soul to quick response!
In speechless tone, I spoke to Him,
Our hands we clasped in touchless touch!
And my eyes smiled through all their tears,
Blinded by the light of Love!

—*A Wanderer.*

AMUSING THE CHILDREN

Some Difficulties and Suggestions

By Mrs. A. de C. Chapman

[This is a very useful article by an experienced mother; and our Indian mothers can get many a suggestion from it. Can there be any denying the fact that our women, as a rule, prove too foolishly fond where their children are in question ? It is foreign to our nature to be too strict with our little ones. Hence, the modern methods of working in discipline and method with play and fun, ought to appeal strongly to us, though some of us, of course, may not agree with all the points drawn out. The only drawback is that there are so few of our mothers, who take trouble to think upon, and educate themselves in, such matters. *Ed., I. L. M.*]

"SATAN finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" is especially applicable to the younger members of the family who must have some occupation if we would keep them out of harm's way. One cannot expect any normal child to keep out of mischief if left entirely to his own resources the whole day long. On the other hand, however, it is very admirable to encourage a child to make his own amusements and to be resourceful in the matter of entertaining himself — and other children too. Teach him to be observant always—both indoors and out—and reproduce any sights and sounds he has noticed as faithfully as possible afterwards. An imaginative child will see and hear all sorts of strange happenings that are not apparent to others. For instance, he will come home one day and tell everyone that he "saw a huge tiger jump into the road and growl with an awful noise, and then I did smack him ever so hard, and so he ran away". Anyone of course realises that such a statement is actually quite untrue, but it is very wrong to tell the child so, and to forbid him to tell such "fibs". To him they are clearly *not* lies, but the genuine truth, for he has lived the whole episode so vividly in his youthful imagination. To curb him telling these stories is to drive him in upon himself and thus cause him to bottle things up, instead of being perfectly frank and open as he would obviously like to be. There is hardly a child who does not love to chatter about anything and everything he has seen and heard, romancing, enlarging, putting in individual touches here and there, without any thought or intention of deception. Naturally, there must be a limit for such chatterboxes—a time and a place set aside when they know they are free to babble on at will—preferably not in front of ecstatically-adoring visitors who insist on interpolating such inane remarks as, "Isn't she *too* sweet!", "How clever you are", "Oh! *how* adorable!"...and so on the whole time—because inevitably such absurd flattery will cause any child to begin boasting and "showing off", a most unpleasant state of affairs that should be curbed at once.

Any child, who shows an aptitude for drawing, should be given ample opportunity to exercise his talent and encouraged to record his experiences pictorially. Many happy hours may thus be whiled away when the weather or other circumstances keep the children indoors.

Most children do like to feel they are being useful and "helping Mummy"—or Nanny. Thus, when you may be occupied with some cooking or with washing clothes, doing the household "chores" etc; they will love to make an attempt at copying. So, even if the result falls short of perfect—a grimy piece of dough emerges as a "cake", or a small sock appears from the wash at the end rather grubbier than when it started—the time spent in trying has not been wasted, for the child has been learning to observe and copy, and the chances are that his memory will retain some idea of "how to do it"—and perhaps more important still—his little hands and mind have been kept out of mischief the while. Of course, we realise that a small child may not be capable of doing such things perfectly, or as we would do them ourselves and allowances must be made accordingly; but at the same time he should never be allowed to become slipshod and "slapdash". He should be taught from the beginning that anything attempted must be completed as far—and as well—as possible, and not left halfway. Anyone, who has had anything to do with children, realises what a tremendous amount of patience is required to wait, while a small person fumbles and struggles for the first time, putting on his socks and doing up his buttons etc. Sometimes he

will purposely be clumsy and slow, hoping thereby to get the job done in desperation by some grown-up. But to give in then at the beginning is fatal, for by so doing you at once give the child the knowledge that you lack patience, and that if he holds out long enough on all occasions, he will be relieved of his task. Thus it is that we sometimes come across children of quite advancing years, who still pretend that they cannot dress themselves or manage their own implements at table, to mention only two simple everyday tasks.

Amongst other "helping the grown-ups" occupations—besides cooking and washing—are sewing and knitting, making beds and dusting, arranging flowers and so on. It might here be suggested that sewing and knitting need not necessarily be reserved for the small girls of the family. Even if the boys do not care to pursue such handicrafts in later life, because "it's so soft", they are an excellent way of getting them accustomed to using their fingers, and helps to make them less clumsy and awkward in later years. Small sons and daughters will also benefit by watching and helping a husband and father, who busies himself doing odd jobs of carpentry about the house, instead of calling in the *maistri* every time the smallest repair is required. If the children seek to know the why and wherefore of certain operations, and the running of such machines as the gramaphone and typewriter, they should not be fobbed off with impatient answers such as, "Oh, you're much too young to understand that yet", for that will very naturally cause them either to go to someone else for their information, or else to cease to interest themselves and become of a "take everything for granted" sort of nature, which in later life may prove to be most uninteresting and unenterprising. Always try to explain and satisfy their curiosity by simple, but not "baby-talk", explanations—it is a pity always to talk down to a child—let him feel he is being credited with a certain amount of grown-up intelligence, and he will surely appreciate it.

A few suggestions for occupations, that should keep the children amused *by themselves* for some time, may be welcome. Cutting out pictures and pasting them into a scrap-book, specially provided for the purpose, usually proves an absorbing hobby. See that a pair of fairly blunt scissors with rounded tips are reserved for the work, and that the child knows they are not to be used for anything else. A miscellaneous collection of picture postcards, illustrated catalogues, scraps from crackers, old newspapers and magazines, provide ample scope for such scrap-book activities. Show that you are interested in the book by suggesting attractive arrangements and by seeing that the material is stuck in reasonably straight and not all *higgeldy-piggeldy* with overlapping edges.

The old-fashioned *plasticine* and many newer emulations in similar materials again provide ample opportunity for the child to exercise his imagination in making animals and building houses, villages and farms etc:

Meccano is an excellent and absorbing hobby for the slightly older child, specially if he should show a bent for mechanics and engineering. Model trains, with all their true-to-life equipment too, are equally entertaining and informative.

Now-a-days, when manufacturers are so enterprising, and new inventions so numerous and varied, parents can scarcely fail to procure something to suit the individual needs of each child, wherewith he may occupy himself during the hot sunny hours, and the wet weary months of the monsoon.

May I add as a final word of advice—do not spend your time saying, "Don't do this", and "Don't do that", to a child who is obviously bored and frantically searching for something to do. If you do not wish him to do the things he apparently thinks he wants to do, suggest something else—give him something that you consider *is* suitable and *will* amuse him, either with you, or on his own if you happen to be busy and unable to attend for the time-being. Nothing is more damping to a child's spirit, nor more likely to lead to sulkiness and rebellion against discipline, than a continual repetition of the word "don't". Avoid it whenever possible by being constructive instead—in other words, instead of suggesting to the child that he is doing something wrong, try to put other more attractive ideas into his head—for don't we all remember the thrill of doing surreptitiously something that was forbidden! It seemed to have an added fascination just because we weren't allowed to do it! So, merely by putting a different idea or series of ideas in its place, the undesirable will very likely be forgotten and not repeated, as long as it is not stamped into the brain by an emphatic and horror-stricken "*DON'T*".

THE ROMANCE OF OUR LIGHTS

By Miss Dina K. Sahiar

[A very instructive article indeed, and I wish we had more of them. How often do we accept our conveniences as just ordinary, and yet what marvels are they made up of! More imagination is certainly needed in life! *Ed., I. L. M.*]

AT one time, people had to depend entirely upon candles or lamps for lighting their houses. We would not like that now, especially as the old-time candles were made mostly of tallow, which melted so quickly, that the grease ran down the sides in no time, not only making a great mess, but also causing the wick to burn out very quickly. Candles in those days were really very wasteful things.

However, in 1823, a French chemist discovered *stearine*, a substance which is contained in all fats. He found out that all fats were made up of a mixture of three substances—*stearine*, and *palmitine* which are solids, and *oleine* which is liquid—and that tallow candles which contain all these substances are wasteful, because the liquid oleine makes the tallow melt too quickly. So the next thing was to find out a way to remove this liquid substance from the rest of the tallow. This could be done by squeezing it out, but another way was to act on the tallow with chemicals, so that certain acids could be obtained from the stearine and palmitine which are solid and hard. These acids, mixed with *praraffin wax*, a substance obtained when *petroleum* is distilled, make the candles of to-day.

The wicks made of braided threads of cotton, soaked in certain chemicals, are dipped into the melted wax a number of times. After each dipping, they are allowed to cool and dry, and the process is repeated until there is sufficient wax all round the wick to form a candle. This process of making candles is known as "dipping."

But our best candles are made by "moulding," i. e., the melted material is poured into moulds which are in the shape of candles, and in the centre of which the wick has been placed. However, both the "dipping" and the "moulding" of candles are now done by machinery.

Candles were not the only means of lighting houses in olden days. Oil-lamps were also used. A lamp is made up of a reservoir to hold the oil, (any mineral oil, as this contains a great deal of carbon and hydrogen); a wick, made of cotton, the end of which rests in the oil, whilst the other end is allowed to project through the slit in the burner; and a chimney. The wick which is made up of cotton is porous and hence the oil rises right through it from the bottom to the top. When a light is applied to the top of the wick, the oil in it becoms very hot, and turns into vapour. As this vapour burns, the carbon and hydrogen unite with the air and give out a bright light. For the lamp to burn brightly, it must have plenty of oxygen. By using a lamp-chimney we ensure a constant supply of air; for the air in the chimney soon becomes heated and rises to give place to new air which comes from the holes underneath.

And yet, in these days, we need not hurry down to the kitchen to fetch a matchbox in order to light a candle or an oil-lamp. We simply press a button on the wall and our whole room is flooded with light. How very wonderful is this electricity, which works for us day and night like a faithful slave!

What marvellous things electricity can do! It supplies the moving power for electric trams, trains, launches, and all kinds of electric motors. Electricity rings our bells, takes our messages by telegraph and telephone, and does many won-

derful things besides. But the greatest, I should think, is the electric light which turns our nights into days. We can hardly realise, can we, how our grandparents managed to do without it?

There are two chief kinds of electric light: the arc-light which is used to light our streets and big railway stations, and sometimes even large rooms in public buildings; and the light from the little electric bulbs which are fitted into sockets or hung from cords indoors.

You will not need to examine an electric lamp very thoroughly in order to see that there is a fine thread or wire within it that lights up when the current passes. This thread or wire is called the *filament.* The filament in the earliest kind of lamp, was a thread of carbon coiled round within it. At first, it was made of charred thread or bamboo fibre, but now it consists of lamp-black, which has been made into a paste with oil, and then squirted through fine holes. You might ask why carbon filament does not burn away. The reply is that carbon will burn only in air when it is heated by an electric current, but there is no air in these lamps. It has all been pumped out of the bulbs and then sealed off at the bottom where you see the little points in the glass. Carbon filament gradually wears away and gets thinner till it breaks. Moreover, particles of carbon from the filament settle on the glass and darken it. That is why these lamps are dull.

These old carbon filament lamps have almost had their day; for it has been discovered that certain rare metals made into fine wire shine very brightly without melting when an electric current is passed through them. One of these metals in use at present is *tantalum.* In each tantalum lamp, there are twenty inches of wire wound in a zig-zag round a copper frame, but so fine is the wire that a pound of it will make twenty thousand lamps.

However, a plentiful supply of mineral containing tantalum has been found in Australia, so there is a probability that the tantalum lamps will serve to give us light for many years to come.

THE PASSING OF WILD LIFE

BY BETTY ARDRON

IT is said that the close of the age of mammals is upon us, and that on land and in the ocean wild life is being destroyed by every conceivable device, at a far greater rate than it can possibly be reproduced. Wild life is gradually being wiped out of existence and will cease, unless drastic measures are taken to prevent such a disaster.

Few people realize how many animals are constantly being killed or maimed by traps, by the activities of so-called sportsmen, by poison, guns, cars, aeroplanes, wireless, and for the blubber, food, hide and horn trades etc.

The Passenger pigeon, Blue buck, Labrador duck, Burchell's zebra, Quagga, Great auk, are some of the many creatures that have become extinct.

Rare animals in Malaya, Congo, Tasmania, India, Zululand, Africa, Australia and South America are in danger of extinction, and Ocean mammals such as the Giant seal, Elephant seal, Sea otter, Sperm whale, Rorqual whale, Right whale are also threatened with extermination.

More and more animals are being slaughtered for fur. From 8 to 10 beavers or 260 ermine are killed for one coat and about 80 mink for one wrap! Many seals are skinned alive and their babies left to starve on the frozen snow.

The destruction that goes on for the full

trade is colossal. In one country alone over 100 million skins of various kinds are imported every year. . . .

Owing to the rarity of the chinchilla, of which a large wrap of several hundred skins was priced at £10,000, some years ago, the Chilean Government have had to prohibit the export of this lovely little creature, either alive or dead, in an effort to save it from extermination.

There are now wide-spread appeals being made to women to urge them to replace furs with fur-fabrics, many of which are equal in beauty and durability to real skins.

Large numbers of skins from snakes, lizards, crocodiles, and other reptiles are used for bags, shoes, note-cases and other articles of everyday use.

Thousands of our beautiful sea-birds are being destroyed by the effects of fuel-oil from ships—the oil covers large areas of water, and, when the birds settle, it gums their feathers, leaving them unable to fly or obtain food, which means that they die a slow and horrible death.

Fuel-oil is also fatal to young fish which resort to shallow inshore water-areas, as it cuts off their oxygen supply. The fishing industry is being seriously affected, as comparatively few ships are fitted with oil-separators.

Osprey feathers are still being worn for fashion, which means that the young birds, from whose parents the feathers are taken during the mating deason, are left to starve to death.

A good deal of animal matter is used for certain perfumes, cosmetics, toilet preparations and for medical purposes. Then there is the enormous demand for vaccines and serums.

Vivisection is taking a tremendous toll of animal life of many kinds, in spite of the fact that many medical authorities consider it more of a hindrance than a help to science.

There is a wide-spread idea that the slaughter of animals is necessary, lest they over-run and devastate the earth. But we learn from investigation that the state of equilibrium, called the "Balance of Nature", is always maintained, if not interfered with by human agency, and it has been proved time after time in every civilized country that, whenever man contrives to upset this delicate adjustment of nature, he has to suffer for it. In Australia, it is being proved at the present time. Lately, a number of very destructive plagues have developed in Australia as a direct result of the slaughter of animals and birds, and, before any further killing is permitted, investigations will be made as to whether any pests are likely to develop as a result of the killing.

Fortunately, there are societies for the preservation of wild life, but a great deal more has still to be done, and with all speed, if the vanishing animals that so beautify and enrich the world are to be saved.

VERSE AND WORSE

THE LITTLE EVIL GENIUS

There's a little evil genius,
That is such a little pest;
For ever greatly to annoy,
He tries his level best.

He sees that when the lights are low
Things hit you on the shins;
And if perchance you barefoot go
You attract the local pins.

He sees that pens run dry of ink,
Before your work is done;
And many such he does, because
He thinks it glorious fun.

Humour is the only way
To quell this little pest;
For never is he more annoyed,
When laughed at is his jest.

If only we could laugh some more
At things that irritate us,
How quickly could we rid life from
This little evil genius.

... ...

—*Y. K.*

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

A nice frock for an Indian girl of between six to ten years old can be made in this style.

The material can be Indian *sari* stuff, the borders of the sari being used for the collar, the sleeves, and the ruching along the front.

Saris in shop-windows

I used to think that looking at the windows of Selfridges or Harrods was the most fascinating occupation one could have; but nothing can be more absorbing than gazing at sari shop-windows in the big cities of India. The most marvellous creations are being put on view these days. They combine the ingenuity of the weaver and the unique taste of the customer, for the latter has but to walk into a sari shop and tell the designer that she has thought out such and such a creation, and would he see that it was carried out, than it is ready in a week or two. There was a wonderful sari I saw one day—of plain gold lace tissue, with a broad border of red satin, on which were sewn huge big red rosettes. I had never seen anything like it before. It was a most striking pattern, and seemed to combine the art of the Parisienne dress-maker with the charm of the Oriental designer. Another delightful new Benares sari was one with a very pale back ground of shell-pink georgette into which were woven the most bizarre futuristic designs in silver. That Benares saris should break out into these designs show that our weavers and designers are coming into a new and original realm, and are determined to break away from old-world models.

The vogue, of course, at present, is georgette saris with Indian borders, and lovely indeed are the colour schemes displayed in shop windows. Deep wine-red, with a red and gold border makes a beautiful combination, or smoke-blue, with a black and gold border. Saxe-blue with a plain broad border of silver also looks very entrancing. The more time advances, the more fascinating are sari shop-windows becoming—and 1937 is sure to show still more delightful creations.

Tissue lace and net saris on slim figures always look very attractive, especially when they have broad borders to match. I once saw a very beautiful Parsee girl, dressed in a black net sari, with a black and silver border, and a sleeveless silver blouse, and silver sandals. She was slim and boyish, with close cropped bobbed hair, and she looked really delightful. When these thin saris are worn, the choice of petticoats must be very carefully done. For instance—a sari of pure white silk lace, with a silver border, will look fine over a silver tissue petticoat and blouse.

— *Sister Susie.*

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. *WHY HAVE SNAKES FORKED TONGUES*

(A STORY)

There was a great sage called Kasyapa, who married thirteen of the grand-daughters of Brahma, and became the fore-father of the gods, the demons, men, beasts and reptiles. Kadru and Vinata were two of his wives. To Vinata was born the great Garuda, who was the eagle-king and the monarch of the birds. To Kadru were born the snakes. The two women were jealous of each other, and once had a bitter quarrel about the horses of the Sun-God. Vinata swore that the animals were white and Kadru that they were black. They settled that whoever was wrong should become the slave of the other. Then Kadru spoke to her sons, the snakes, and made them spit poison upon the horses, which thereupon became black. So, poor Vinata became the slave of Kadru. She begged her son to get her freedom; he tried hard, but to no purpose. At last, it was settled that she should have her freedom in exchange for a jar of the *Amrita* or nectar of the gods, for which the gods at that time were churning the ocean of milk; the nectar, which would mean life without death for them. At last, after many years, and many grievous troubles, the precious liquid was obtained. Garuda was one of those who, had helped the gods to get it. To him, therefore, after many objections from some of the gods, was given a jar of the precious liquid, and he made ready to carry it carefully to his cousins, the snakes. But Indra did not wish the snakes to have the nectar; so he arranged a secret plan with Garuda to rob them of the stuff, and, at the same time to get Vinata her freedom. In return, he asked Garuda to request a favour, and Garuda prayed that he might be allowed to eat the snakes as his food.

When the snakes heard of this boon, they were afraid to go near Garuda. Yet, they wanted the nectar. So, they begged the eagle to place the jar on a mat of Darbha grass, which was holy grass, and therefore neutral ground. Garuda did so and went far away. The snakes crept nearer and nearer; but suddenly Indra swooped down from the sky and carried away the nectar. The serpents were bitterly disappointed; but what could they do? They could not war against Indra, the God of Heaven. All that they could do was to lick the Darbha grass for any drops of the fluid that might have fallen on it. But the grass was very sharp and hard and cut their tongues. And that is why all snakes now are said to have forked tongues!

It was good, however, that at last, poor Vinata was set free from her long slavery. Garuda had carried out his part of the compact and, therefore, he had his reward.

---

2. *THE BEE*

The bee is a small insect, but great is its work. It is a wonderful creature indeed. There are three kinds of bees. The first is the queen of all the bees. Then come the males or drones, which do not do any work, and are allowed to live only a few months. Then they are killed. The third kind of bees are the worker-bees, which do all the work of the hive. The labour is carefully divided between them. There are many kinds of worker-bees; the *clothiers*, which wrap up eggs in a sort of warm blanket; the *carpenters*, which carve out nests; the *masons*, which make a kind of stone for nests; the *leaf-cutters*, the *wax-makers*, which hang nests with leaves; the *nurses* and so on. The hives, where bees live, have honey-combs in them. These are like small cities, with streets built on exact measurements, and are built of wax, which is made by the *wax-maker* bees. These bees hang one to another in chains and make the wax. Each bee then goes to

the roof, makes the wax into a thin ribbon with its tongue; and sticks it to the walls. When that bee has finished, another bee takes its place. About half an inch of wall is thus made. Then, the nurses make six-sided cells in it which are made into two layers, and fitted into one another. Then, they are polished bright and lined with bee-bread, which is made out of the dust of flowers and honey. The bread is of many kinds. It is different for the different kinds of bees, and it is also made to suit the ages of the bees, as they grow up. There is a special kind of cell made for each kind of bee. The comb, which is like a flat cake, is placed standing up in the hive.

The body of the bee is in three parts, the head, the chest, and the stomach. In the head are two antennae, which can feel everything. They also are the means, by which bees talk to each other. The bee takes out honey from a flower with its tongue, then stores it in a bag in its mouth. From this bag, the honey is taken to the throat, then to the honey-bags in the stomach, where the wax is separated from the honey. The bee has three pairs of legs. To two pairs are attached brushes; these sweep up the dust from flowers, and place it in a pair of baskets, which are tied to another pair of legs. In each foot, there are two hooks; by these, the bee can hang to any surface. There are also suckers by which the bee can hang with body down. The bee has wings of great strength. The sting is in the tail and is in the form of two darts.

The queen is married on the second day of her life. She lays about 12000 eggs in two months. She stops then and again lays in the spring. There are eggs for each kind of bee, the workers, the drones, and the princesses, and each egg is laid in its special cell. The *nurse* looks after it. Extra eggs are thrown away. The egg is at first a larva or a white grub. When it is ready, it is sealed up in the cell. Then, it spins a white case round itself, which becomes joined to the cell. But a certain degree of heat has to be kept up. To get this, the worker-bees brood over the egg. Then they split open the case, and the bee comes out full-grown. It is called the *nymph*. It is cleaned and brushed and fed for a few days.

When the hive is too full, many of the bees go forth to make new hives. The first is led by the old queen. The rest are led by the princesses. The hive is left without a head. Then the first royal bee, that comes out of its egg is made the queen of the old hive. She at ones goes to the cells and kills all the royal bees. The workers carry away the bodies.

No rival is allowed to enter from outside. When a new queen is elected, there is a regular ceremony. The bees go to her in regular lines, and touch her. They give her honey, they clap their wings and circle round her; then a path is made for her between rows of bees. There is perfect order everywhere.

If there are no royal eggs ready for a hive, from which the old queen has gone, the eggs of the workers bees are put into the royal cells and fed with the royal bread.

Bees are neat and clean. Their senses are very sharp, chiefly those of sight, touch and smell. They have a keen sense of direction and a good memory.

To keep out foes, bees raise a wall across the gate of their hive. In it, there are two openings, in which only two bees can pass each other. All around and inside the hive are lanes to walk up and down. But there is space only for two bees to pass each other.

The whole system is indeed worked out in a beautiful way.

---

3. A LITTLE DOG

A little dog came running by;
I asked him where he ran and why.
" I've lost my master, sir," he cried,
" Take me to him. Be my guide."

"Stay, with me, my dog", I said
"I will give you meat and bread.
Your master's gone; so do not fret,
Live with me and be my pet."

The dog refused, with me, to stay,
I sadly let him have his way.
He loved his master well and true,
He cared not for a master new.

— *K. S.*

---

4. "WHEN I GROW UP"

When I grow up, I think I'll be
A sailor on a stormy sea;
And when I 'come a captain, then
I'll have a ship with sailors ten.

Or p'raps I'll be a driver
On the engine of a train,
It seems a pleasant sort of job—
Except in snow or rain.

But other times I think it best
To be a cowboy far out West;
In Canada or some such place—
I've heard that it is very nice.

While other times I wonder
What it's like to be a clerk,
And sit down in an office
Till it gets quite late and dark.

But on the whole I really think
That I had better wait,
Until I'm big and quite grown up,
For now I'm only eight.

— *Dorothy Lazarus.*

---

5. PASTIMES

SHADOW ANIMALS

Place the lamp on a chair or table and sit so that you can throw a shadow on the wall with your hands. You can make a man's head or a hare. By moving the fingers, the man may be made to talk and the hare to nibble or run. With a little practice many other interesting figures can be made.

— From *The Treasure Chest.*

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

A newspaper game can be played at the dinner table. Each member of the family is supposed to bring in the most interesting news item that he can think of. There can be no gossip or scandal given. There is a minus mark if anyone fails to distinguish between real news and such items. Each member of the family is alert to bring in a real scoop and the whole circle votes on the best item at each meal and the score is kept. At the end of each month, a prize is awarded to the highest scorer.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

To keep the children from getting restless and cross on a long *auto* trip, they can be provided each with a small jar of red beans. Each one chooses some object along the road, such as a bridge, a station, a house with red roof. Whenever this sort of thing is passed, the person who has chosen it receives a bean from each of the other players. At the end of the day's trip, the beans are counted and the player with the largest number gets some little treat.

— From *The Parents' Magazine.*

Cookery Notes

Ginger pudding

INGREDIENTS:

2 ozs. of preserved ginger,
6 ozs. of breadcrumbs,
2 ozs. of self-raising flour,
1½ teaspoonfuls of ground ginger,
¼ lb. of shredded suet,
3 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup,
1 egg.

Cut the ginger into dice and mix it together

with all dry ingredients. Warm the golden syrup and use it with the beaten egg to mix the pudding, adding a little milk if necessary. Steam for 2 hours. This may be served with hot custard.

Steamed cabinet pudding

INGREDIENTS :

A slice of stale cake,	1 oz. of sugar,
1 large egg,	1 oz. of sultanas (washed),
½ pint of milk,	A few strips of peel.

Crumble up the cake, add the chopped peel and sultanas and half fill a greased basin. Beat the egg well with the sugar and the milk and pour it gently into the basin. Cover with greased paper and steam gently until the centre of the pudding is set and firm. Do not hurry it, as slow steaming for an hour is best. Let the pudding cool for a minute or two, then turn it out as gently as possible.

Jam pudding

INGREDIENTS:

2 tablespoonfuls of jam,
4 ozs. of self-raising flour,
3 ozs. of sugar,
2 ozs. of butter,
1 egg,
¼ gill of milk.

Put the jam in the bottom of a greased pie-dish with the cake mixture on top. This is made by rubbing the butter into the flour, adding sugar and mixing well the beaten egg and a little milk. As with all baked dishes, the heat of the oven is very important, and makes all the difference between success and failure. The oven should be fairly hot and the pudding should be baked for 45 minutes.

French pancakes

These are a very light kind of baked pancake, for which you will need six greased saucers and a hot oven.

INGREDIENTS :

2 ozs. of self-raising flour,	½ pint of milk,
1½ ozs. of butter,	1 dessertspoonful of sugar.
2 eggs,	

Dissolve the sugar and butter in the milk and let it cool. Mix the yolks of the eggs smoothly with the flour and gradually stir in the liquid, making the batter perfectly smooth. Beat the whites stiffly and stir the batter into them. Pour into the saucers and bake in a hot oven—400 deg. F.—until done.

—From *Wife and Home.*

Carrot Nougat

1 cup grated raw carrot pulp,	1 cup finely chopped almonds,
½ cup sugar,	2 egg whites,
1 cup water,	whipped stiff,
½ cup strained honey.	

Cook sugar, water and honey for two minutes. Add carrots, stirring constantly. Cook until, when a little of the mixture is tested in cold water, it forms a firm ball—255 degrees. Add immediately the almonds and pour the hot mixture over the beaten egg-whites. Turn into a rectangular lined with oiled paper. Cut in squares when cool.

—From *The Parents' Magazine.*

Household Hints

THERE is something wrong with a household that thinks of the guests and those staying in the house alone, and completely ignores the welfare of the servants. To make mere drudges of those who serve us—to call them "menials," and not to care for their health or happiness, is surely the height of selfishness! And yet—this is exactly what happens in many homes. Day after day, and year after year, our servants serve us; and all they get is their salary in return. When they are ill, they are not cared for—and not once are they given a treat or a holiday, to alleviate their monotonous life.

On the contrary, there are housewives who do not stop at merely keeping a good house. They do all they can in their power to help and please their servants, and requite faithful service. Sometimes, the servants are sent away to the Cinema—sometimes a colossal meal is provided for them, and very

often, especially during Christmas time, treats, parties and sports are held for them. New clothes are given once a year—and above all, they are treated kindly, like human beings.

Those of you who have servant troubles, and cannot keep your bearers and ayahs—try looking after them and treating them with sympathy. You will find your homes will be much happier places to live in.

— *Paddy.*

Needlework Notes

Fig. 1

1. This design of a sari border is of the *champak* flower. The plant, though a bush, has a creeping habit. The flowers are a golden yellow. But before ripening they are green. This is a simple border and can be worked in satin stitch with shaded thread. The stems and veins in the leaf are worked with stem stitch in the darkest green. One side of the leaf should be darker than the other. The back of the leaf is in the palest colour.

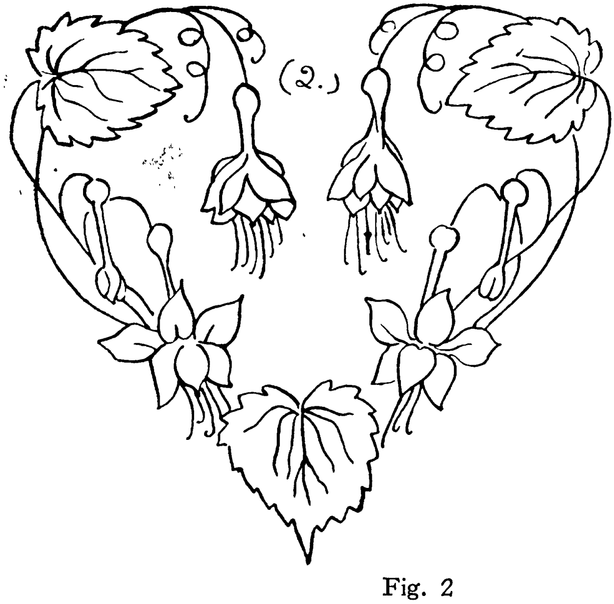


Fig. 2

This design of *Fuschias* will be suitable for any corner. Fuschias are deep red and crimson in colour, with olive green leaves. The stamens are long and must be of a golden yellow.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

November, 1936.

1. Mrs. Anandan, Rangoon
2. Srimati B. Bhagirathy Amma, Chenganur
3. Mrs. Lakshmi Bai Chandu, Tellicherry
4. Dewan Bahadur M. R. Ry. N. Gopalaswami Iyangar Avl., Madras
5. Mrs. Nundy, Secunderabad
6. Dewan Bahadur M. R. Ry. I. X. Pereira Avl., Ceylon
7. A. Ramaswami Das Esq., Tinnevelly
8. Mrs. Schwap, Repalle
9. Miss Sathiavrathan, Madras
10. A. Sebastian Esq., Calcutta
11. Mrs. Viswanatha Iyer, Balliguda

December, 1936.

1. Rev. Canon Anantam, Bezwada
2. Miss Alamelu, Coimbatore
3. Mrs. Ananda Rao, Madras
4. Mrs. Belliappa, Hosur
5. Miss Colony, Jubbulpore
6. Mrs. Kuryan, Madras
7. Mrs. Krishnaswamy, Madras
8. Mrs. Kunhiraman, Madras
9. Mrs. Mukerjee, Calcutta
10. P. L. Narayana Pantulu Esq., Vizianagaram
11. Mrs. S. V. Ramamurti, Salem
12. K. E. Subramaniam Esq., Vizanagaram
13. Mrs. Scanlan, Vizianagaram
14. Mrs. Sahni, Nellore
15. K. Suryanarayana Esq., Vizianagaram
16. D. Siddanna Esq., Somvarpet
17. C. Sittampalan Esq., Ceylon
18. The Jaghirdar of Yellandur, Bangalore
19. Rao Bahadur M. R. Ry. D. Yeganna Pantulu garu, Narsapur

Dr. M. SUBBA REDDI

Treatment has been famed & patronised since 1920

for Leprosy, Leucoderma or White Lepra Patches.

The results for women's ailments excel those of patent allopathic treatment.

Local and State Governments are extensively introducing them.

Rewards and Refund will be made, if results are not satisfactory

Apply: **Messrs. REDDI & CO.,**

GOPALAPURAM, East Godavari District.

OUR TELUGU SECTION

ఊర్మిళ—లక్ష్మణుడు

పద్మిని

లక్ష్మణుడు :— దేవీ ! నీకడ సెలవుగైకొనవచ్చితిని. దరహాసవికసితమగు నీముఖమునొకమారుచూపి నాకుత్సాహమొసంగుము. ఈ పదునాలుగేడులు భ్రాతృచరణసేవవినా నాహృదయమున నింకొకవిషయమును చొరనీయకుండు శక్తిగావలెను. ప్రియా ! నీవదనావలోకనమున నాలోనుత్తేజము కల్గుత. ఈయుత్సాహముతో నీపదునాలుగేడులు అన్నగారిసేవయొనర్తును. ఊర్మిళా ! సెలవు.

ఊర్మిళ:— (మౌనము)

లక్ష్మ :— దేవీ ! పలుకవేమి ? (ఆమెముఖము నెత్తి) నీముఖమిట్లు బాష్పధారాప్లావితమైన నేనెట్లుపోగల్గుదును ? చింతిలకుము. అన్నగారు పితృవాక్యపరిపాలనకై అడవులకేగుచున్నారు. వారితో జానకీదేవికూడ పోవుచున్నది. వారిరువురిసేవార్థము నేనరుగవలెను. నావియోగమునకై యిట్లుదుఃఖించుచుంటివా ? సీతారాములకిట్టి వనప్రవాసము కల్గెనేయని వగచుచుంటివా ? చెలీ ! నాకు సెలవీయవా ?

ఊర్మిళ :— నాధా ! నేనుగూడ మిమ్మనుసరించిరా సెలవిండు.

లక్ష్మ :— ప్రియా ! వలదు. నీవిచటనేయుండుము. నేను సీతారాములసేవకై పోవుచున్నాను. నీవేతెంచిన నీసంరక్షణభారము నాపై బడును. ఇందువలన నన్నగారిసేవకేదైన లోపము గల్గవచ్చును.

ఊర్మిళ :— ప్రభూ ! మీరునాకొరకై యేమాత్రము శ్రమపడవలదు. సోదరసేవకై మీరరుగుచున్నారు. ఈదాసి మీసేవార్థము రాగోరుచున్నది. శైశవమాది మాసోదరియడుగు జాడలలోనే నేనునడచుచుంటిని. ఆయమ శ్రీరామచంద్రునిచేపట్టి ధన్యజీవియైనది. మీపత్నినగుటచే నాజీవితము ధన్యమైనది. నాధా ! మాయక్క తననిజనాధు ననుసరించి వనవాసమందును యర్ధాంగియనునామమును సార్థకమొనర్చుచున్నది. నేనుగూడ నిప్పుడట్లు చేయవలదా ? మీతోడిదినములెంత యానందమయములో నుడువజాలను. ఇట్టి తేజోమయదివసమును, జ్యోత్స్నాపూరిత యామినులు, బాల్యముననేననుభవింపలేదు. ఇప్పటియానందమునకు, చిన్ననాటియానందమునకెంతో భేదమున్నది. నాధా ! నాజీవితములోనిట్లు వెన్నెలలుకురియుటకు అమృతంపునదులు ప్రవహించుటకు కారణమగు నాజీవన సూత్రధారునివిడచి నేనెట్లుజీవింపగలను ? మీరులేని యీప్రాసాదము నాకు కాననసమము. కర్ణధారుడులేని నాజీవితనౌక దుఃఖాంబుధిలో మునిగిపోవును.

లక్ష్మ :— దేవీ ! నిజమే. నన్నువిడచి యొక్కనిముసమైనను గడుపజాలవు. కానియాపద్దలు ధీరచిత్తములం గలంచరాదు. నీవు ధీరవు. ఈచతుర్దశాబ్దముల యనంతరము మనకు పునస్సమాగమము కలుగగలదు. ఆ శుభదినమునకై వేచియుండి, ప్రియా ! సెలవిమ్మ.

ఊ :— (రుద్ధకంఠముతో) నాధా ! ప్రత్యేకప్రాణయగు సతి, భర్తృసహచర్యభాగ్యము వీడి యెట్లు జీవింపగలదు? ఈదీనురాలిపై

మీకు దయలేదా ? నాజీవి...

లక్ష్మ :—ఊర్మిళా ! ఏడ్వకుము. నీ బాష్పధారా రజ్జువులతో నన్ను బంధించి నీసాన్నిధ్యమున నుంచుకొన ప్రయత్నింపకుము. శ్రీరామచంద్రప్రవాసవార్తవిని జనని కౌసల్యాదేవి మొదలునరికిన కదళీతరువువలె నేలఁ గూలినది. ఆమె నోదార్చువారెవరు ? ఆమెసేవ జేయువారెవరు ?

ఊర్మిళ :— మీ వియోగదవాగ్నిజ్వాలాదగ్ధమైన నా యీజీవితమే నాకు దుర్భరము. నేనిక నత్తగారి నేమియోదార్పగలను, ప్రభూ ! మీరు కారడవులఁబట్టి తిరుగుచుండ, నేనీ యంతఃపురమున నెట్లుజీవింపగలను? మీపాదములు కఠినశిలాదుర్గమభూముల గ్రుమ్మరుచుండ పట్టుపరుపులుపఱచిన యీచంద్రకాంతశిలలపై నాపాదములెట్లాడును ? అధిక గమనాలసములైన మీచరణములనొత్తి శ్రమఁ బాపకుండ నాహస్తము లెట్లన్యకార్యాచరణములకు శక్తిమంతములగును? మీరు కందమూలములఁ దిని క్షుద్బాధఁ బాపుకొనుచుండ, నేనిట రాజభోజనము లెట్లారగింపగలను? కటికనేలపై మీరు నిద్రించుచుండ, హంసతూలికాతల్పమున నేనెట్లు శయనింతును? ప్రభూ ! సెలవిండు.

లక్ష్మ :—ప్రియా ! నీవేకదా నుడివితివి, నేను లేని యీప్రాసాదము నీకరణ్యసమమని? నేను శ్రీరామచంద్రు ననుసరించి దండకారణ్యముల కేగుచున్నాను. నేనులేని యీయరణ్యమున నీవు వసింపుము. (చిరునగవుతో) చెలీ ! నీవు నాకాపాదించుచున్న కష్టములకు నీవే బాల్పడుచున్నావు, చూడుము. మాయన్నగారితోఁటి యరణ్యవాసమేకాదు, మరిమెట్టి ఘోరకఠోర నిర్బంధావాసమైనను, అయ్యది నాకు రాజమందిరావాసమే; సర్వసౌఖ్య నిలయమే. నేనులేనికతన నీవనవాసక్లేశ మనుభవించుదానవునీవు. కావున సుఖము నాది; కష్టము నీది. ప్రియా ! యికనైన సెలవీయవా ?

ఊర్మిళ :—నాథా ! నన్ను మీసహచర్య భాగ్యవిహీననుగా నొనర్చుట మీకుధర్మమా ?

లక్ష్మ :—ఊర్మిళా ! వలదు. ఇట్లు వాపోవుట ధీరలక్షణముకాదు. నీబాష్పప్రవాహములో నాధైర్యస్థైర్యములఁ గొట్టుకొనిపోనీయకుము. నాతో రా ప్రయత్నింపకుము. నీవు మాతోనున్న, నీవువలదన్నను నీసంరక్షణభారము నాపై బడును. నేను త్రోసివైచినను అన్నగారు విడువరు. నీవినోదార్థమై నన్ను నియోగించి నాసేవల నందుకొనరు. వారియాజ్ఞ నుల్లంఘించుటెట్లు? నీవే జెప్పుము. ఇందుచే వారిసేవకు లోటుకలుగదా ?

ఊర్మిళ :— బాల్యమాది మాయక్క నొక్కదినమైనను విడిచియుండుట నెరుగను. ఘోరారణ్యములఁబట్టి యాయమపోవుచుండ నేనిట నిలువజాలను. ఆమెతోరా ననుజ్ఞనిండు.

లక్ష్మ :—ప్రియా ! నీవేవ్యాజమున కాననమునకువచ్చినను, నీయాశయము నాతోనుండి నాసేవనొనర్చుటయే. నీవు మాతోనున్న నాహృదయ మెపుడైన నీయందాసక్తముగావచ్చును. అపుడువారిసేవ కంతరాయము కల్గునుగదా ! వారునిదురించుచున్నపుడు, నేనుపర్ణకుటీరద్వారమున మేల్కాంచి రక్షింపవలయును. నేనొక్కడనేయున్న వారిందులకు సమ్మతింతురు. నీసాన్నిధ్యమున నా దేహము సుఖమపేక్షింపవచ్చును. ఎప్పుడు

సేవకుడు సుఖమును గోరునో అపుడే ప్రభుసేవకంతరాయము కల్గును. సేవకుని లక్ష్యమున ప్రభుసేవయొక్కటియే యుండవలయును. స్వామిమయ ప్రపంచములో సేవకుడు తన్ను దాను మరువవలయును. అప్పుడే ఆసేవ అప్రతిహతముగను, అసమానముగను ఉండును. ఊర్మిళా! నీసహచర్యమున నన్ను నేను మరువజాలను. శ్రీజానకీరాముల సేవయందే లక్ష్యముంచి నాయాత్మధర్మమును నిర్వర్తింపజాలను. చెలీ! నాయాజ్ఞను పాలింపవా?

ఊర్మిళ:—(రుద్ధకంఠముతో) ప్రభూ! మీరిట్లానతీయ నేనేమి.........

లక్ష్మ:— (ఆలింగనమొనర్చి) ప్రియా! ఊరడిల్లుము. ఈపదునాలుగేండ్లు నాజీవితము భ్రాతృసేవయందు వినియోగించెదను. నీవు వృద్ధులగు మాజననీజనకుల సేవజేయుచు, ఆశుభదినమునకై వేచియుండుము. ఇకనాకు సెలవిమ్మ, దేవీ!

ఊర్మిళ:— (కొంతతడవునకు ధైర్యము తెచ్చుకొని) నాథా! మీయాజ్ఞను పాలించెదను. భార్యకు పతియాజ్ఞానిర్వహణము కన్న కర్తవ్యమేమున్నది? మీ యరణ్యవాసదీక్ష పూర్తికావించుకొనిరండు. మీరాకకై నిరీక్షించుచుందును.

లక్ష్మ:— దేవీ! ఈపరమోత్సాహము, యీదివ్యశక్తి నిన్ను నన్ను ధర్మబద్ధముగా కాపాడునుగాక! ప్రియా! సెలవు.

(పోవుచు తనలో) లక్ష్మణా! శ్రీజానకీరాముల మూర్తియొక్కటియే నీదృక్పథమున గాన్పింపవలెను. నీమానసము వారిసేవాతత్పరము గావలెను. నీహృదయమున, నీహృదయేశ్వరి, నీప్రియతమ యూర్మిళకైనను తావొసగకుము.

ఊర్మిళ:— ఈశ్వరా! నాజీవనచంద్రుని దూరమొనర్చి నాజీవితవియత్పథము నిట్లు నిబిడతమోవృత మొనర్చుచున్నావా? ఇట్లొనర్చుటచే నీకేమిలాభము? సర్వలోకపూజ్యులగు జానకీరాముల నట్లడవులపాల్జేసిన నీకిది యొక లక్ష్యమా! అట్టి పుణ్యశీలుర నిట్టియిడుములపాల్జేసి, ప్రజల కన్నీటినిగాంచి సంతసింతువా? దయాసముద్రుడవని, న్యాయమూర్తివని బిరుదములు వహించితివే, అవి మాపట్ల సార్థకములుగావా? నీచైదము లెరుంగుట కేరితరము, స్వామీ! అబ్బా నాతలదిరుగుచున్నది. తండ్రీ! నన్నేల యిట్లు శిక్షించుచున్నావు? నాకర్మఫలమందువా? అట్లయిన నేనెవరితో మొరలిడుదును?... అబ్బా! నాలోనిబలము క్షీణించుచున్నది. (నేలపై గూర్చుండి) దేవా! నీవుకల్పించిన యీయిడుములఁ దరింప నీవే శక్తినొసగుము. చతుర్దశాబ్దముల పిదప నా మనోనాథుని గాంచు భాగ్యము! ఇంతకాల మెట్లుగడుచును, స్వామీ? తల్లీ! జానకీదేవీ! నీవుధన్యవు! ఘోరారణ్యముననేమి, రాజమందిరముననేమి స్త్రీకోరునది భర్తృసాన్నిధ్యమేకదా! భర్తృసేవయేగదా! ఈదీనకట్టి మహాద్భాగ్యమబ్బలేదు. తల్లీ! పదునాలుగేడులకా మిమ్ము కలసికొనుట. అన్నియేండ్లెట్లు బ్రతుకగలను? అమ్మా! మైథిలీ! మిథిలనుండి అయోధ్యకు మనమేతెంచినదినము నీకు జ్ఞాపకమున్నదా? అట్టియుత్సాహముతోనే నేడు మీవెంట దండకారణ్యమునకు వచ్చెదను. నీవైనను మీమఱదికి చెప్పగూడదా? అయ్యో! ఏమినా వెఱ్ఱి? ఆమెకీమాట లెట్లు విన్పడును? ఇప్పటికప్పుడే వారు రథము నెక్కి ప్రయాణోన్ముఖులగుదురు. ఇంకే

మున్నది? తల యిట్లుదిరుగుచున్న దేమి ? పతియాజ్ఞనిర్వహణమునకు గూడ నాయొద్ద శక్తిలేకుండ పోవుచున్నది. ఇట్లు చీకట్లు క్రమ్ముచున్న వేమి ? నాథా యీయంధకారము జూడ భయమగుచున్నది. రావా ! కాపాడవా ! ...... (మూర్ఛిల్లును).

స్త్రీలు: గృహపరిశ్రమలు

శ్రీమతి బత్తుల కామాక్షమ్మగారు

తూర్పుగోదావరి మహిళాసభాధ్యక్షోపన్యాసము

విద్యలు, కళలు, విజ్ఞానము, నాగరికత, పాడిపంటలు మున్నగువానిచే నాంధ్రదేశమునకు భారతభూమిలో మహత్తరయశమును సంపాదించినది మనగౌతమీమండలమే. ఇట్టి పవిత్రమండలమున జన్మించినందుకు మనము సత్యముగా గర్వించవలసినదే. పదిసంవత్సరములనుండియు నఖండముగా మహిళాసభలను జేయుచు 'ఆంధ్రులు ఆరంభశూరు'లను అపకీర్తిని మొదలంట దుడిచినమీరలు మిక్కిలి అభివందనీయులే. మీకు చర్వితచర్వణములయిన విషయములనే మీకు తిరిగి స్మరింపజేయుచున్నందులకు నన్ను మన్నింతురుగాక.

స్త్రీ జాతి

మహాశక్తిమూలముననే ప్రపంచసృష్టిస్థితిలయములుఁ బ్రవర్తించుచున్నవి. శక్తిలేక పరమేశ్వరుడును నేమియూ చేయజాలడు. అట్టి మహాశక్తి యవతారమే స్త్రీజాతి. వేదకాలమున స్త్రీలు తమతపఃప్రభావమున మంత్రములను స్వయముగా గనుగొనియు, యాగాదులను స్వయముగా జేయించియు, పురుషులకుగూడా వేదాంతవిద్యల నుపదేశించియు, శాస్త్రమును స్వయముగా నిర్మించియూ శాశ్వతకీర్తిని బడసిరి. పురాణాదికాలమున స్త్రీలు, రణరంగమున తమ ధనుర్విద్యాపాటవమును జూపి విజయలక్ష్మిని గైకొనినట్లు విందుము.

సంగీతము మున్నగు కళలకు స్త్రీలకు బెట్టినదిపేరు. అట్టి మనజాతి రాజుల దుష్పరిపాలన మూలముననో, యలసత్వముననో నేడు మూలబట్టినది. నాటికి యిరువురైనను విద్యావంతులు గానరారు. గృహములలో నీచదాస్యములఁ జేయుచు, నామరూపములులేక దివాంధముల వలె మెలగుచున్నారు. తన్నుదానే యుద్ధరించుకొనవలెనని వేదాంతులు జెప్పుచుందురు. అట్లే మనజాతి పురోభివృద్ధిని మనమే జూచుకొనవలెను. విద్యావిజ్ఞానములు లేక యేజాతియు ముందుకురాదు. ముప్పదియారుకోట్ల భారతీయులలో, పదునెనిమిదికోట్లకు మించిన స్త్రీజాతి విద్యాహీనమై, యచంచలమై యున్నచో మన జాతీయతావ్యక్తి, పక్షవాత రోగగ్రస్తమైనదని సత్యముగా జెప్పవచ్చును. తంత్రులులేని వీణవలె, స్త్రీని విడిచిన పురుషుడును మూలబడవలసినదే. స్త్రీ పురుషచక్రములపైననే సంసారరథము నడచుచున్నది. అట్టి స్త్రీజాతి మిన్నకుండుట న్యాయముకాదు. విశేషించి నిమ్నజాతి స్త్రీలు, నిరక్షరకుక్షులై, మృగప్రాయులై యున్నవారు. వారిలో నిర్బంధప్రాథమిక విద్య

నైనను నెలగొల్పుట యత్యావశ్యకము. దానికై తగిన ప్రబోధమును, సహాయమును గావించుట మన ప్రథమ కర్తవ్యము. వారు గర్భదరిద్రులు. కూలియాడినగాని వారికి కుండయాడదు. వారి పనిపాటలలో యడ్డులేకుండ, ప్రాథమిక విద్యనైనను మున్ముందుగా నేర్పవలసియున్నది.

గృహపరిశ్రమలు

గోరుచుట్టుపై రోకలిపోటన్నట్లు మనదారిద్ర్యమునకు తోడుగా పాశ్చాత్యనాగరికతావ్యామోహము మనలను బీల్చిపిప్పిచేయుచున్నది. మనభారతీయులలో నారుకోట్లమంది, యొకపూటయైనను తిండిలేక మలమలమాడుచున్నారు. కడుపుమంటకు తాళలేక, కుటుంబములతో విదేశములకు వలసపోవుచున్నారు. సర్వసస్యాఢ్యమై తనయన్నవస్త్రములతో ఖండాంతరములను సంరక్షించు భారతమాత వలసబోవు తనబిడ్డలనుజూచి కంటతడిబెట్టుచున్నది. ఇట్లు పేదరికము మనలనలుముకొనుటకు మనగృహపరిశ్రమలు సమూలముగా నశించుటయేకారణము. మనపూర్వులు తమజీవితయాత్రకు నుపచరించువస్తువుల నన్నిటినిఁదమగృహమందే నిర్మించుకొని శతాస్మతులై సుఖజీవనమును జేసిరి. నేడుమనము తినుబండారములకు, కట్టుగుడ్డలకు, చంటిబిడ్డలపాలకు, మందులకు, అవియివియననేల, సర్వమునకు విదేశములపైననే యాధారపడుచున్నాము. నాడుజర్మనీయుద్ధసమయములో కిరసనాయలు సప్లయికాకపోవడముతోనే దీపాలకు వాచిపోయినాము. నేడు బొమ్మలకొలువుకూటములోకూడ జర్మను చైనాదేశపు బొమ్మలనే కొలుచుచున్నాము. గాలి, నీరు, వెలుతురు, ఆకాశము మున్నగువానినిగూడ మననవనాగరికులు విదేశములనుండి తెప్పించుకొనివాడుదురనియే నానమ్మిక. మనదేశములో ఖండాంతర వస్తువ్యామోహము బాగాముదిరిపోయినది. 'కాకిపిల్ల కాకికిముద్దు'అన్నట్లు మనవస్తువులుమోటయైనను, నాజూకైననురుచింపవలయును. వానినే నిత్యము వ్రతముగాగైకొని వాడవలయును. మన బజారులు మార్కెట్టులు మనవస్తువులతో కన్నులపండువుగా నిండిపోవలయును. ధనవంతులకు స్వదేశాభిమానముదయించినగాని పరిశ్రమలు వృద్ధినొందవు ; బీదలకన్నముదొరకదు. మనవారు పాశ్చాత్యుల ననుకరించుచువారివేషభాషలను కోతులవలె వేయుచు సొమ్ము వమ్ముచేయుచున్నారు. సమశీతోష్ణమైన మనదేశములో వస్త్రాడంబరమునకు ప్రసక్తియేలేదు. తనవేషభాషలలో తమజాతీయత వ్యక్తముకావలెను. తనజాతీయతను జంపుకొనుట సత్యముగా నాత్మహత్యయే. అట్టివారిని స్త్రీపురుషభేదము లేకుండ బహిష్కరించుటయే మనకర్తవ్యము. గృహపరిశ్రమలన్నియు, ముక్కాలుమువ్వీసము, స్త్రీలహస్తములందే నిలచియున్నవి. వానిని దిరిగి పెంపొందించినగాని దేశసమిష్టి దారిద్ర్యము తొలగదు. కాన యీపరిశ్రమాభివృద్ధికై పూనుడని మిమ్ము హెచ్చరించుచున్నాను.

శాసనములు

కరుణాంతరంగులును, నుదారస్వభావులు నగు మహానాయకులు గొందరు స్త్రీల దురవస్థలనుజూచి సహింపజాలక ప్రభువువారిచే గొన్ని శాసనములు చేయించియున్నారు. అందు శ్రీ హరవిలాసశారదాగారు పెక్కు మహాపండిత సంస్థల యనుమతితో, బాల్యవివాహ నిరోధక శాసనమును 1928 సంవత్సరములో చేయించియున్నారు. అయినను బ్రయోజనమేమి? ఏనాములోను, ఫ్రెంచిపేటలోను, రహస్యముగా

దమగృహములలో ముక్కుపచ్చలారని పసిపిల్లలకు తమ యొడులలో గూర్చుండబెట్టుకొని మంగళసూత్రములను గట్టించువారు మన సతీమతల్లులేగదా! నేటికే బాలవితంతువుల సంఖ్య యిరువదిలక్షలకు మించిపోయియున్నది. వారి కన్నీటిధారలతో భారతభూమి యుడికిపోవుచున్నది. వారి వేడినిట్టూర్పులచే మలమల మాడిపోవుచున్నది. ఈశాసనముచే నోరెరుంగని వితంతుబాలికలసంఖ్య కొంతయైనను మున్ముందు క్షీణించునను యాశ యడుగంటుచున్నది. దీనికి మనమే మూలకారణము. మనము గట్టిగా పట్టుపట్టినచో శాసనము పూర్తిగా యమలులోనికి వచ్చును. కన్నకడుపులు బాలవితంతువుల తలపై వైధవ్యాగ్నిని చేతులారబోయుట న్యాయముగాదు. ఇదియిట్లుండ నేడు శ్రీ బాబు భగవాన్‌దాసుగారు పుత్రులతోబాటు పుత్రికలకు నాదాయమిప్పింపవలసినదని యొక శాసనమును ప్రవేశబెట్టిరి. అది నేడు చర్చలోనున్నది. అది నెగ్గినచో తల్లిదండ్రుల గడుపునబుట్టినందున వారిపొత్తుతో నాడపడుచులకు కొంత స్వతంత్రజీవనముజేయుట కవకాశముచిక్కును. అత్తింట కొంతమర్యాద కల్గును. అన్న లక్షాధికారియైనను, సోదరి నిరుపేదయై మెలగవలసిన దురవస్థయుండదు. అట్టి బిడ్డలనుజూచి దుఃఖింపవలసిన దౌర్భాగ్యము, తల్లదండ్రుల కుండబోదు. ఈశాసనములచే మనద్రవ్యము ఖండాంతరములకు బోదు. సముద్రగామికాదు. కూతురు దాయమునుబట్టుకొని వెళ్లును. కోడలు దాయమును బట్టుకొనివచ్చును. దానిచే కుటుంబములు కూలిపోవు. ఆడబడుచులకు కొంత స్వతంత్రజీవనమునకు అవకాశముమాత్రమే చిక్కును కావున తగిన యాందోళనముచేసి యీశాసనము నెగ్గునట్లుచేయుట మనవిధి.

ఉపేక్షతగదు

పురుషులేమిచేయుచున్నను స్త్రీలుపేక్షాపరులై యుండుట స్వభావము. నేడు దేశము యగ్నిపరీక్షలో చిక్కియున్నది. ఓటింగుహక్కుగూడ స్త్రీలకు గూడదనిమనయాడమ్మలేవ్రాయదొడంగిరి.

ఖండాంతరములయందు భారతదేశమునకు విశేషగౌరవము సంపాదించినది స్త్రీజాతియే. మాతృదేశాభివృద్ధికి మహానాయకులు బలువురు పలుతెరంగుల కష్టములకు లోనగుచున్నారు. ఇప్పట్టున వారికిదగిన సహాయమొనరింపక వెనుకంజవేసి మేని వజ్రలేపమగు కళంకమునకు గురియగుదుము. కావనుపేక్షతగదు.

ముగింపు

ఇవిశరన్నవరాత్రములు. వరదేవత యవతరించిన పరమపావన దినములు. పూర్వకాలమున మనభారతీయులు తామునేర్చినవిద్యలను, కళలను, గృహపరిశ్రమలనుజూపి యీదినములయందే బహుమతులనొందెడివారు. పూర్వము ధనుర్విద్య స్త్రీపురుషులకు సాధారణముగ నేర్పబడుచుండెడిది. దానిచిహ్నముగ నేడుమనబాలబాలికలు ధనుర్బాణములను ధరించి పప్పుబెల్లములకు వీధులవెంట తిరుగుచున్నారు. ఆధనుర్విద్యను నేర్చువారును, నేర్పించువారును, చూచియానందించువారును, నేడుమచ్చుకైనను దేశములోలేరుకదా! తాముజేసిన వస్తువులను, ప్రదర్శించుటకు బొమ్మలకొలువులు పూర్వమేర్పడియున్నవి. ఆకొలువులను విదేశవస్తువులతోనింపి, విచారించుటకు బదులు వినోదించుచున్నారు. కావునస్త్రీమతల్లులారా! మీధన్యహస్తములతో గృహపరిశ్రమలనైనను చేబట్టి దేశదారిద్ర్యమును తొలగింపుడు. మనభారతమాత మానసంరక్షణ

కు ఖండాంతరవస్త్రములపై నాధారపడుట యెంతలజ్జాకరమో, హేయమో పరికింపుడు. మనభారతమాత మనమహిళాసభలు జయప్రద ముగా బనిచేయునట్లు ఆశీర్వదించుగాత యని ప్రార్థించుచున్నాను.

కృతజ్ఞత

శ్రీమతి దో౹. లక్ష్మీబాయమ్మగారు

ప్రళయభయద తమోమేఘ పటలిఁజూపి
హడలిపోవ నొనర్చి యల్లంతమధుర
ప్రేమ కరుణార్ద్రరసము వర్షించి అమృత
జీవమొసగితితండ్రి ! నిన్ జెప్పఁదరమె ?

కాలఘోర భీకరమహాగాధ వార్ధి,
నే యధోలోకమునొ గనుపింపఁజేసి
యొక్కమారు యువ్వెత్తుగ నూర్ధ్వస్వర్గ
సీమ గొంపోవు నిన్ను యోజించుటెట్లు ?

ఏగుణౌర్వత లేకపోయినను గాని
నీకృపావేశమే గణనీయముగ, త
రింపఁజేసితీ కష్టవారిధిని నేఁడు
పరమకరుణానిధీ ! తండ్రి ! శరణుశరణు.

జయముగనినంత పొంగి నీస్మరణవిస్మృతి
కలుగనీయకు, మోహాసంగతిపోక
సంతతము నీకృపాపాద జలజయుగళి
భక్తిసేవించు నిచ్ఛలపదవినిమ్ము !

పరమ కరుణామృతాప్తి జీవములమనిచి,
యాదరించిన నీకేమి యార్ధ్యమిత్తు ?
గాఢప్రేమానురాగ సంకలితహృదయ
నీరజదళాలరాలు కన్నీటిచుక్క !

ఏదిన్యాయముగా నడిపించినావొ
ఇంతకాలము నటులె నీకేదియోగ్య
మనిన నాదారి మానిర్ణయమొనర్చి
యశముగూర్పుము దేవా ! నమోస్తు !

*   *   *   *

బ్రతుకు మూన్నాళ్ళ ముచ్చట బ్రతికినన్ని
నాళ్లహంభావముననెదో త్రుళ్ళిపడుచు
కొంపలనుఁ గూలద్రోయ యోజింపుచుంద్రు
కటకటా వారినెట్టు లేకంటఁగందొ ?

నీతిలేదు దయాధర్మభీతిలేదు
చేతగానిదిలేదను చెనటబుద్ధి
రోతపనులకు తలయొగ్గి లోకమునకు
కీడెచేసెడువారి నేక్రియనుఁ మనుతు ?

సంపాదకీయములు

అపూర్వత్యాగం :

బ్రిటిషుచరిత్రలో యిదివరకెన్నడును సంభవింపని యొక సంఘటన జరిగింది. 1936 వ సంవత్సరం డిశెంబరు 10 తేదీని అష్టమ ఎడ్వర్డు సార్వభౌముడు, రవి యస్తమించని బ్రిటిషు సామ్రాజ్యాన్ని తృణప్రాయంగా త్యజించాడు తాను ప్రేమించిన యువతికోసం. ఇది అపూర్వ త్యాగంకాదా ? అనేకులు సార్వభౌముని కృత్యాన్ని గర్హించారంటే, సార్వభౌముని ప్రేమో త్కృష్టతను గ్రహించలేకపోయారనే చెప్పవచ్చు. ‘ నేనుప్రేమించినయువతి సహాయం, సహచర్యం, లేకుండా రాజధర్మాలను నెరవేర్చడం నాకు

దుస్సాధ్య'మన్న రాజువాక్యాలు వింటే ఎవరి హృదయాలు సానుభూతితో నిండిపోవు ?

అనేకవిషయాల్లో చాలా నవీనంగాను, నవనాగరికతతోను ఒప్పుతున్నాయనుకొనే, బ్రిటిషు, అమెరికాదేశములు యీవివాహ విషయంలో ఎంతసంకుచితంగా ఉండిపోయాయో చూడండి. చక్రవర్తికి సింహాసనంమీదే ఉండి తనకిష్టమైన మార్పులను తీసికొని రాగల సమర్థత లేకపోలేదు. ఎనిమిదవ హెన్రీ, పోపుఅధికారాన్ని ధిక్కరించినట్లుగా, యీమంత్రివర్గాన్ని విచ్ఛిన్నముచేసి క్రొత్తదాన్ని యెన్నుకోగలశక్తి ఆయనకు లేకపోలేదు. కాని తనసౌఖ్యంకోసం లేనిపోని గందరగోళం పుట్టించి దేశాన్ని గగ్గోలపెట్టేటంత స్వార్థపరుడా ఎడ్వర్డు సార్వభౌముడు? తనఆనందం, తన మనోభీష్టసిద్ధికోసం ఏలాఆసిస్తాడో, తన ప్రజాశ్రేయాన్నికూడా అంతగానే ఆశిస్తాడు. తనపరిపాలనలో ప్రజలకు కలిగే లాభాలు తనసోదరుని రాజ్యంలో మాత్రం యేలాతగ్గిపోతాయి, రాజ్యాన్ని నడిపేది బ్రిటిషు రాజ్యాంగ విధానమైనపుడు ?

'మార్గనాటిక్' వివాహానికి అవకాశం కలిగించలేదని కొందరు ప్రధానమంత్రిని, పార్లమెంటును నిందించారు. కాని ఆవివాహంవల్ల లాభమేమిటి ? తనఅర్ధాంగి రాణికాజాలదు ; తనసంతానానికి రాజ్యార్హతలేదు ; తనకుమాత్రమెందుకీ రాజరికము ?

ఈ త్యాగం మెచ్చుకోతగ్గది కాదా ?

కాంగ్రెసు నాయకత్వం

పండిత జవహర్‌లాల్ నెహ్రూ తిరిగి కాంగ్రెసు గద్దెనధిష్టించాడు. ఈవిధంగా రెండుసార్లు ఒకేవ్యక్తి ఆపీఠాన్ని అలంకరించడం కాంగ్రెసు చరిత్రలో యిదే ప్రథమం. ఇంత కొద్దికాలంలో జవహర్‌లాలు మూడుసార్లు కాంగ్రెసు నాయకత్వం వహించాడంటే దేశం ఆయన సామర్థ్యాన్ని గ్రహించిందన్నమాటే. నెహ్రూ మననాయకుడైనాడని గర్వించడంలో, సంతోషించడంతో మనకర్తవ్యం పూర్తికాలేదు. మనకు కావలసింది కార్యదీక్ష. మాటలతో లాభం లేదు. మనకు కావలసినది పని. ఆసేతు హిమాచలపర్యంతం గల యువతీ యువకులు, దేశారిష్టాన్ని గ్రహించి, మన యువకనాయకుని కార్యక్రమాన్ని అనుసరించి, తమశక్తికొలది పాటుపడి, దేశసౌభాగ్య సాధనిర్మాణములో తాము కట్టగలన్ని మెట్లను కట్టాలి. ఆవీరమూర్తి హృదయంలో, కొన్నికోట్ల అన్నార్తుల ఆర్తనాదాలు విని కల్లోలపడి, స్వాతంత్ర్యప్రాప్తికై ఉప్పొంగే నెత్తుటి నాట్యాన్ని కనిపెట్టి, తమహృదయాలను దానితో మేళవించాలి.

హరిజన దేవాలయ ప్రవేశము

తిరువాన్‌కూరు మహారాజావారు, హరిజనదేవాలయ ప్రవేశవిషయంలో తమరాజ్యంలో చేసిన శాసనం చాలా ప్రశంసాపాత్రమైనది. అతి తరుణవయస్సులో నిట్టియుత్కృష్టకార్యము నొనర్చుటకు కావలసిన ఉదారాశయములు ఆతనికి ఉగ్గుపాలతో బెట్టి పెంపొందించిన రాజమాత వందనీయ. హిందూదేశములో ననేక స్వదేశసంస్థానములు దుర్గతిలోనున్నను కొచ్చిన్, మైసూరు, హైదరాబాదువంటి కొన్ని మెచ్చుకొనతగిన సంస్థానములప్రభువులైనను, యీ తిరువాన్కూరు బాలప్రభువును యీవిషయంలో నాదర్శప్రాయునిగ గైకొందురుగాక ! తిరువాన్కూరు ప్రభువు మున్ముందిట్టి యుత్కృష్ట కార్యము లనేకములనాచరించి యితర సంస్థానాధీశ్వరులకు, ఆదర్శప్రాయు డగునట్లు ఈశ్వరుడాశీర్వదించునుగాక !

కార్తిక తిరుణాల్

తిరివేంద్రములో గ్రామాభివృద్ధి కేంద్రమును తిరువాన్కూరు రాజకుమారి కార్తిక తిరుణాల్ ప్రారంభించెను. ఈ కేంద్రము ముఖ్యముగా గ్రామస్త్రీల అభివృద్ధికొరకు ఉద్దేశింపబడినది. స్త్రీలకు ఆరోగ్యసూత్రములు బోధించుట, తేనెపట్లను పోషించుట, నేత, తోటపని మొదలగునవి గ్రామస్థుల కాదాయాభివృద్ధి మార్గములుగ నుండగలందులకై నేర్పబడును. ఇట్లు తమ ప్రజాశ్రేయమునకై పాటుపడుచున్న రాజకుటుంబమునకు మాహృదయ పూర్వకాభినందనములు. ప్రజల తమ కన్నబిడ్డలవలె పోషించుటయేకదా రాజధర్మము.

వార్తలు

ప్రపంచఖ్యాతిగనులును, ఆక్స్‌ఫర్డ్ విశ్వవిద్యాలయ కళాచార్యులును అగు సర్ మైకేల్ స్లాడరుగారు ప్రపంచములోగల అన్ని దేశములలోని మిక్కిలి అందమైన ఇరువదినగరముల పేర్లను సూచించుచు, దానిలో హిందూదేశమందలి బెనారెస్, ఆగ్రానగరములను పేర్కొనిరి.

న్యూయార్కు వెస్టరిన్ యూనియన్ టెలిగ్రాఫ్ డిపార్టుమెంటువారి అడ్వర్టైజుమెంటులో మాటలాడు గడియారముంచిరి. ఆగడియారము ప్రతి 15 నిమిషములకు స్త్రీల దుస్తులనుగురించియు, ప్రత్యేక విక్రయవిషయములను గూర్చియు మాటలాడుచుండును.

లేడీఇర్విన్ బాలికాపాఠశాలయొక్క తొమ్మిదవ వార్షికోత్సవమున బహుమతులొసగుచు, లిన్‌లిత్‌గో ప్రభ్వి బాలికలకిట్లు చెప్పెను: 'కొందరు విద్యావంతులగు యువతులు గృహకృత్యములనొనర్చుట నీచమని యెంచుచున్నారు. ఆ అభిప్రాయము చాల పొరబాటు. ఇంటిపనులు చేయుటచే మీదర్జాకేమియులోటు లేదు. మన చేతులతో మనమలంకరించుకొని మనోరంజకముగా బెట్టికొన్న యింటికన్నను, మన స్వహస్తములతో తయారు చేసుకొనిన రుచ్యములగు భోజనములకన్నను కోరదగిన వస్తువేమియుండును ?'

There is no other remedy for ladies' complaints more potent than **"LODHRA."** It regulates the system and serves as a highly efficacious tonic for promoting general health and strength.

LODHRA

UTERINE TONIC

Every household needs it.

Kesari Kuteeram

EGMORE : : MADRAS

The 'Young Builder'

A CULTURAL ENGLISH MONTHLY

Edited by Mr. **JAMSHED N. R. MEHTA & H. C. KUMAR**

Subscription Rs. 2 per year

Apply to the Manager:

" **THE YOUNG BUILDER,**"
Sevakunj Rambaugh Road, **KARACHI.**

Miss Newlands, 51, Barton St. West Kensington, London, W 14, will be glad to take Indian boys and girls as boarders and to find good Schools for them in the town itself. Charges moderate. Reference excellent. Please Apply:—

C/o Editor, THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE,
VIZIANAGARAM.

'The Children's News'

A MAGAZINE FOR INDIAN BOYS & GIRLS

Every issue is crammed full of just the things they naturally like and want

Editors: **Srimati Aruna Asafali; Sjt. R. Raman.**

Has its Hindi Edition " **BAL-JIWAN** " for boys and girls who do not know English. Send for sample copies at once.

Hundreds are joining as subscribers to this illustrious monthly. Let your boy or girl join at once.

Annual Subscription Rs. 2-8 only

Send six annas stamps for the New Year Special Number

Sample copy from:

THE MANAGER, '**THE CHILDREN'S NEWS,**'
EGERTON ROAD, (Nai Sarak) DELHI.